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*Edmund Waller.*





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**VOICES  
THROUGH MANY YEARS.**

**M.DCCC.XXXVII.**

**TO**

**M.DCCC.LXXIX.**

**VOL. II.**



# VOICES THROUGH MANY YEARS.

BY

GEORGE JAMES  
EARL OF WINCHILSEA AND NOTTINGHAM  
(VISCOUNT MAIDSTONE).

VOL. II.

'Nontumque prematur in annum,  
Membranis intus positis.'  
HORACE, *Ars Poetica*, line 388-9.

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M.DCCC.LXXIX.



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# VOICES THROUGH MANY YEARS.

---

## The Co-Operative Store.

---

FEBRUARY 24, 1876.

---

COME hither, noble sportsmen,  
That hate a Christmas score,  
And join the newest venture,  
Our Co-operative Store !

The stake is a mere trifle ;  
No principles are fixed,  
But Whiggery, and discontent,  
Office, and muddle mixed !

Our chairman is the good ' Hartington,'  
And on our board you'll find  
Naufrageous ' Childers' ' seamanship,  
And ' Harcourt's' docile mind.

*THE CO-OPERATIVE STORE.*

And 'Forster' of the 'thousand schools,'  
And 'Cardwell' of the army,  
And 'Butt,' the mighty boaster,  
That never need alarm ye !

And many a stout Hibernian,  
And many a Scotch ally,  
Cannier than Balaam's ass,  
Without her reason why.

Besides, we're backed by veterans  
(Shrewd hands at small suggestions);  
'Lowe' the meek, and 'Gladstone'  
Of the twenty-seven questions.

And though we can't command him  
As often as we're wishing,  
'Bright' declares he'll help us,  
When he isn't gone a-fishing.

All these have told us all they did,  
And much they didn't know ;  
And have promised fair to dry-nurse  
Our little toddling Co.

For when in business themselves,  
They had the glorious art  
To '*verify*' on every shoal  
That was upon the Chart.

---

*'Verify.'* To '*verify*' on a shoal is, in the language of the R. Y. S. Yacht Squadron, to ascertain its existence, not only on the chart, but by the personal experience of hanging there till the next tide come to your assistance.

Then who so fit as they to give  
Advice that sound and true is,  
On parc'ling land or office out,  
Or buying shares in 'Suez?'

Good people all, we pray you  
To lend a willing ear ;  
And we promise you a dividend  
Ere Christmas be a year.

Those old-established Houses  
That now get all your money,  
Are but a set of greedy drones  
That batten on your honey ;

While we desire to give you  
Money's worth in all its senses,  
With just a little trifle  
Deducted—for expenses.

Then leave these stale establishments,  
Dry-rotten to the core !  
And let us hope to see you  
At our new Saint Stephen's store !

## Sir William Harcourt's Speech Corrected.

'MORNING POST,' JAN. 17, 1879.

MY FRIENDS,—

In these ages the devil's at work,  
In the silly employment of helping the Turk ;  
Though 'Turcophil Layard' (once the pride of the Whigs)  
Says, 'He don't see his way to reforming such pigs ;'  
And Lord Salisbury (ready enough to advise 'em)  
With no lucky sixpences ever supplies 'em.

Holy Russia has triumphed, and England looks small,  
With her commerce and credit both gone to the wall ;  
Lord Beaconsfield's baffled, the Ministry's beat—  
If they don't see it now, next election they'll see't ;  
And yet William Harcourt, and Gladstone the good,  
Are by 'Jingo' majorities ever pooh-poohed.

How different a tale had been mine to relate  
If we 'peace-at-all-price' men had governed the State,  
And wisely put off for this suffering nation  
The day of account till the next generation !  
We had never sent forth to the Island of Cyprus,  
Catching fevers in marshes unwholesome and snip'rous,

The pick of our soldiers ; but quartered our hosts  
Where a hero may sleep in a bed with four posts.

Besides, Mr. Brassey has said 'tis a farce, and all  
'England can do will not make it an arsenal !'  
I wish we were *in*, were it only to tender,  
As we did at Corfu, its immediate-surrender.

With wrong weapons they've fought, and they've fought the wrong  
And Russia has had much the best of the fray. [way,  
She's commissioned by Heaven, though in terms rather vague ;  
And I cannot account for her having the plague.  
A little sagacity, prudence, and pluck,  
Had reversed the position—but, then, we've no luck.

For a 'once-a-year' speech on the Lord Mayor's fool's day,  
Carries twice the conviction of all we can say,  
And leaves us the butt of these vot'ries of jollity,  
Twitted with failure, and chaffed with 'frivolity.'  
*A propos* of 'Jingoes,' one asked,—By-the-by,  
What is meant by the word? To explain it I'll try.

'Tis a blatant vulgarian, a swaggering chap,  
Who thinks to prevail by loud words and clap-trap ;  
Fussy, pushing, and brawling—not modest like me,  
With a tongue dropping sweets like the labouring bee ;  
But a braggart, a bully, a nuisance to all,  
Ostentatious in public, and stingy in hall.

A fellow that's come into fashion of late—  
You all know the man ! He's no brains in his pate !  
In a word—(I'm the first to tell this to the nation)—  
He's addicted to stucco and cheap decoration.  
And if ever, perchance, he invite you to dine,  
He gives you tough cutlets and Gladstone's sour wine.

6      *SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT'S SPEECH.*

But never mind 'Jingoes!' their day is gone by;  
And the Cabinet too—'you bet' that will soon die!  
Though 'majorities' make it (thus England is sold),  
By the wiser 'minorities' quite uncontr'oll'd.

There's another war, too, which is full of hard knocks,  
That they've sprung on us now like a Jack-in-the-box.  
Pray, what more do we want than Shere Ali in flight,  
To prove that he was all along in the right?  
And what is our duty? Why, ring to inquire,  
And finding him out, leave a card and retire.

The Russians, who've only annexed by intrigues  
And arms, in our day, eighty thousand square leagues,  
For apostles of Freedom and Truth should be praised;  
And I'm heartily sick of the scare folks have raised.

Meanwhile, our traditions are all gone to pot.  
Free Parliaments?—No! Self-contr'oll'd?—We are not.  
'Tis a system of state-craft that leavens the lump;  
And unless, next election, we give it a thump,  
I shall say—and I think I can scarce put it straiter—  
*Vult decipi populus, decipiatur.*



# DAVISIANA.



## John Davis.

### PART THE FIRST.

---

 1842.
 

---

JOHN DAVIS look'd up, John Davis look'd down,  
 ' And how shall I be the talk of the town?  
 Dust in the eyes of the Public fling?  
 Frighten the bettors and clear the Ring?'  
 So he look'd for a gentleman pleasant and stout,  
 And another gentleman pleasant and thin;  
 And he bade them put on the looks of a lout  
 Whose mother is scarcely aware he is out.  
 Stealthy and still they prowld about,  
 For he sent a giant commission out,  
 And the layers' voices grew weaker and weaker,  
 As they laid the odds against 'Frederica.'

The layers look'd up, the layers look'd down,  
 And shrewdly guess'd themselves 'done brown.'  
 None had escap'd—the very best men  
 Had laid the odds at thousands to ten.  
 There they stood in groups aghast,  
 Knitting their brows, and twirling their thumbs,  
 As through their ranks the couple pass'd  
 Like a Sirocco's withering blast:

They grumbled and whisper'd, and eagerly ask'd,  
'How long is this curst rush to last?'  
And here and there a bolder speaker  
Said, 'What the Dickens is Frederica?'

Then 'the man in the street,' 'the man in the street,'  
As pleasant a man as a man can meet,  
A man of general information,  
Manners and knowledge, above his station,  
Sounded in their troubled ear,—  
'Warden's beaten at half-a-stone!'  
Melody's pipes are monstrous queer,  
When they tried him nothing was near.  
Tremble, mortals, and hedge for fear,  
'A flier' has lighted at Stockbridge this year!  
No horse can be finer, or fitter, or sleeker,  
Than the great John Davis's 'Frederica!'

There's a place call'd Bath, a place call'd Bath,  
And a horse call'd 'Eleus' went to Bath—  
'A second-rate flier,' enough to frighten  
Everybody from Bath to Brighton;  
And a mare call'd 'Topsail' went there too,  
Modest she was, and unpretending,  
To see what the 'second-rate flier' could do.  
They laid upon 'Eleus' seven to two;  
But she presently found him enough to do.  
His backers look'd black, and his backers look'd blue!  
And John Davis's party look'd milder and meeker,  
For something struck them about 'Frederica.'

When the party came back, the party came back,  
Their jokes had turn'd musty, their courage grown slack ;  
They folded the arms of sheer vexation  
Over the bosom of contemplation,  
And they said to John Davis, ' Bless your heart !  
Here's a pretty kettle of fish !  
You've made the mistake, and we feel the smart :  
Before the horse you have plac'd the cart ;  
I-chabod ! all our glories depart—  
The ' fier's ' not worth a gooseberry tart !'  
And the takers' voices grew weaker and weaker,  
As they took the odds about ' Frederica.'

---

This was written before the great ' Coldrenick bubble ' had arrived at its greatest expansion, and if the author had carried out his opinion he would have been a better prophet and a much richer man.

The Derby was won in a canter by ' Attila,' one of the best horses that ever ran for any of its ' renewals.'

## John Davis.

---

### PART THE SECOND.

---

*Tune—* 'There was a little man,  
And he had a little gun.'

THERE was a little man, and he had a little nag,  
And he said, 'My little nag, let us try, try, try !  
There is money to be won, and a public to be done ;  
Let us see if you and I cannot fly, fly, fly !'

Then this little nag replied, with a wicked look aside,  
'My dear little man, do you think, think, think,  
That you and I can gull the public to the full,  
And hear its money sweetly go chink, chink, chink ?'

This little man, meanwhile, with a knowing little smile,  
And a classical allusion to his limbs, limbs, limbs,  
Did his fingers four dispose at the apex of his nose,  
As a turkey-cock his tail proudly trims, trims, trims.

And says he, 'It shall be done ! and we'll bet against 'the Hun !'  
And frighten the supporters of Scott, Scott, Scott :  
'Wiseacre's' got his length, John Davis knows his strength ;  
Then why shouldn't we have a pot, pot, pot ?'

Then this little nag was tried as ne'er was horse beside,  
With a couple of impostors or so, so, so ;  
He beat them at a stone, and gallop'd in alone,  
And everything went merry for a 'go,' 'go,' 'go.'

The public now grew queasy, and felt itself uneasy,  
And Rumour's hundred tongues went rattle, rattle, rattle ;  
And those who went to see him cried, 'Bless me ! can this be him ?  
Why, he's easily the phoenix of cattle, cattle, cattle !'

The party, too, look'd black that stood against 'the crack,'  
And reckon'd themselves done to a turn, turn, turn ;  
But long before he near'd 'the Corner,' it appear'd  
That his natural position was astern, stern, stern.

Then 'Attila' came forth, the wizard of the North,  
To emulate the progress of the Hun, Hun, Hun ;  
While the dark mix'd masses shout, and *Captain White* roars out,  
'Oh ! give him but a pull and he's won, won, won !'

Then this little man and nag, with baggage and with bag,  
Troop'd off, being wrong to a tittle, tittle, tittle ;  
And all the world declare that this very clever pair,  
'Never yet in all their lives look'd so little, little, little.'

---

'*Captain White.*' Captain John White, well known at Melfon, and celebrated not only for his hard-riding propensities but for his Stentorian voice.



## The Settlement.

PUBLISHED IN 'BELL'S LIFE IN LONDON,' 1842.

How are the mighty fallen!—where are they,  
 The last to hedge, the last it seems to pay?  
 Who trade in sums they never knew by sight,  
 And bet, and trust that all will still go right.  
 Where is the confidence that scorn'd defeat?  
 'Tis vanish'd as they shout, '*Coldrenick's beat!*'  
 The voice of thousands buzz'd it wildly round;  
 The circling pigeons bore it from the ground;  
 The gloomy Corner felt it on the day  
 When man, for his misfortune, comes to pay!

Man is a biped—gullible 'twould seem,  
 By horses, asses, or a 'South-Sea scheme!'  
 Study the one thing needful to surprise,  
 And since the truth is humdrum—stick to lies!

---

'*Coldrenick's beat!*' 'Coldrenick' was by 'Plenipo,' out of 'Frederica.' He was first introduc'd into the betting about six weeks before the Derby of 1842 as the Frederica colt, by which name he went, until he was called after his owner, Mr. Trelawny's place in Cornwall.

He was made the medium of a gigantic plot, conducted with the utmost secrecy and duplicity, even after he was tried to be worthless. No such scare was ever heard of on the turf before or since. The plan was, to drive all their opponents into hedging upon ruinous conditions, and to put the money into the pockets of a small clique. The consequences were disastrous.

Nor lie with diffidence !—mankind before  
Has swallow'd dirt, and still finds room for more.  
He, only he, shall rule the world at will,  
Who, when small villains falter, lies on still.

Great is the day on which we fight or marry,  
The day on which Whig Ministers miscarry,  
The Quarter-day,—the day when we beseech  
The House's patience for our maiden speech.  
Greater the day when 'Dorling's' card displays  
The running horses to the public gaze.

Here, groans a man from Chester fresh, and cheese,  
That '*Auckland's*' waning fortunes fail to please ;  
There, gazing on the ground and sick at heart,  
Stands one who hears 'Canadian' does not start ;  
And further on behold a quiet lot,  
Who pin their faith on 'Attila' and 'Scott.'  
Whilst all around 'Coldrenick's' party laugh,  
And bet and chaff, and bet again and chaff.  
Or, politic 'old Forth' the Ring befools  
With wondrous 'Policies' and 'Golden Rules.'  
In truth the scene is passing strange and rare  
To him who has no book or interest there ;  
But on the man that scarcely dares to look  
On this great finish to his 'two-years' book,'  
The trifling pleasantries of which I'm writing  
Have an effect a little too exciting.

---

'*Auckland.*' This and the following are names of some of the prominent favourites for that year's Derby.

The ground is clear'd ! The Public has been stav'd  
 Into its place,—policemen have behav'd  
 To satisfaction of 'Inspector May,'—  
 As all the papers chronicle next day.  
 A dog's been hunted up and down the course,  
 The worthy clerk has halloo'd himself hoarse,  
 And little gentlemen have twice desir'd  
 Tall ones to take their hats off—and requir'd  
 Their cards and so on—and receiv'd a civil  
 Answer which sent them posting to the Devil.  
 Silence at last, more terrible than death,  
 Checks the life's blood and stifles in the breath.  
 Now look around, philosopher, and scan  
 A fearful page in the dark book of man !  
 Behold the passions uncontroll'd display  
 Fear's sinking glance, and hope's excited play ;  
 And fierce despair, and undissembled pain ;—  
 Thorns ever rankling in the paths of gain.  
 Disguise is up ! the painted mask's flung by !  
 Tongues gloze no more, and looks no longer lie.

They come ! they go ! 'tis over ! Which has won ?  
 'Coldrenick ?' No ! God bless me, 'tis 'the Hun !'  
 Rushes the Public from each loftier place  
 From which it saw, or tried to see, the race.  
 The breathless groups on every side increase,  
 And push and struggle with the '*New Police*.'

---

'*New Police*.' At this date, and for many years afterwards, the force inaugurated by Sir Robert Peel, which superseded the 'old Charlies,' went by the name of 'the New Police ;' *vulgo*, 'the Bobbies.'

But time and heat at last dissolve the bunch,  
 Some seek the Continent, and some their lunch.  
 The corks fly whizzing o'er the thirsty plain,  
 And gurgling bottles scatter ic'd champagne.  
 While wondrous tales go round of gain and loss,  
 With lavish praises of the winning horse.

So far 'tis well ! and might continue pleasant,  
 Were there no future to alloy the present.  
 The air seems heavy with disastrous news,  
 For where some win, a number more must lose !  
 Before the Race 'tis hard to make this out ;  
 But when they come to settle, there's no doubt !  
 Behold those folded arms, those sorry faces,  
 Those aspects shorn of their accustom'd graces,  
 Those eager groups that whisper words of fear,  
 And facts they know for certain, say—'they hear !'  
 So general the blow, so rude the shock,  
 Most bets are worth no more than Spanish Stock.  
 And, first, industrious Rumour's tongue reveals  
 A fat defaulter in the name of '*Beales*.'  
 Avaunt, ye scoffers, nor affect surprise !  
 Men still exist the slaves of tender ties,  
 Who nobly brave disgrace in every shape,  
 So that their harmless babes and pelf may 'scape.  
 At Honour's heels a father's duties tread—  
 He must not rob his family of bread.

---

'*Beales*.' This gentleman hail'd from Cambridge, and was in a large way of business in the coal trade. He never paid, but retired, with some expressions of virtuous indignation, from a market which was clos'd to him.

Strange that in all my time I never heard  
Of winners for their families one word,  
But should 'his touts' be wrong, or poison fail,  
And the best horse's lucky star prevail,  
Then the good father rushes forth and locks,  
With virtuous key, the children's money-box.

Enough of him—enough, and far too much,  
Of him and his defaulters, and all such.  
Yet, let them pause! for many such there be,  
And do their best, and struggle to be free.  
A willing spirit, like the widow's cruise,  
Supplies forbearance with a fresh excuse.

Whence, then, was all this circulating shame?  
This foul attaint on dearest Honour's name?  
Whence? but because insatiate lust of pelf  
Blinded men's eyes to all but dirty self.  
'Twas quite enough to back the 'Stockbridge horse,'  
And winning follow'd as a thing of course!  
If ask'd to hedge,—'It griev'd them much to say  
Their books were balanc'd, and they must say nay!  
They won by every horse—Coldrenick most!  
But still no loser could approach the post.'  
Talk'd into Lunacy one half the Ring,  
Like cattle madden'd by a gad-fly's sting,  
Rush'd where 'John Davis' drove, and found too late  
The great 'Coldrenick' could not win a plate!  
They likewise found their clever selves let in—  
The only horse they lost by chanc'd to win!

Warn'd by this chance, let none, however fond,  
Combine their strength in *anti-hedging bond* !  
For to be plain, 'tis rather hard to sweep  
Other folks' money into one great heap,  
And sternly pocket every solvent farthing,  
Leaving no choice 'twixt bankruptcy and starving.  
Let some more wholesome system now prevail  
To check the rogues who bet to win or fail ;  
So may the 'Turf' be spar'd the costly shame  
Of Gurney's book, or Thornton's injur'd name,  
And courtesy obtain a wider sway,  
And prudence date from lame 'Coldrenick's' day !

---

*'Anti-hedging bond.'* The parties to the plot are reported to have enter'd into an engagement not to hedge ; but this bond was part of the plan of the master knaves, who betray'd their subordinates, and profited greatly by their own breach of faith.





# THE RING.

IN THREE PARTS.

BY

JOHN DAVIS, GENT.

Φωνέντα ξυνετοίς.

LONDON:  
ANDREWS AND CO.  
167 NEW BOND STREET.  
1848.



**Second Edition.**

---

**TO VATES  
OF THE MORNING ADVERTISER,  
WHOSE VIOLENCE UNDER THE LASH  
HAS BROKEN OUT IN LETTERS  
WHICH HAVE INSURED  
TO THE FIRST EDITION OF 'THE RING'  
A RAPID SALE—  
JOHN DAVIS DEDICATES A SECOND ;  
TRUSTING  
THAT AN EDITION  
CALL'D INTO EXISTENCE BY VATES'  
IMPATIENCE OF CORRECTION,  
MAY BE  
FURTHER RECOMMENDED  
BY  
HIS GRATUITOUS ADVERTISEMENTS !**



## P R E F A C E.

---

To write upon a subject which is probably a seal'd book to a large portion of the Public, requires at any rate a few words of explanation, if not of apology.

Racing, however, has taken up of late a position so prominent in itself, that 'the Ring' and its affairs can scarcely now be said to be beneath the notice of the Public, although some persons pretend to decry the first as 'gambling,' and the second as 'roguery.'

This Satire is not volunteer'd by me, but is a necessary consequence of other people's absurdities. When they wrote the nonsense I complain of, and proclaim'd the absurdities I purpose to expose, they must have expected, sooner or later, that condign punishment would be administered to them. A school-boy detected with his pocket full of apples ought not to feel more sure of a thrashing than 'Bunbury,' 'Argus,' and 'Touchstone' of the severest castigation that words can inflict.

It is not my wish to prevent any one from guessing at 'winners' of races, under any *alias* he may please to assume. Nay more, I am oblig'd to any person who will take the trouble of collecting racing information which may be depended on, and of conveying it to the world in a modest if not an intelligible shape. Should this person combine the advantages of an agreeable style with a good judgment, and correct information, I read his letters with pleasure, thanking him for combining the 'utile dulce' upon a dry, but to many an interesting subject.

We shall, I think, find ourselves oblig'd to admit that the Public are more provided with knowledge on Racing subjects than is generally suppos'd, or else that nobody reads the prolix impertinences of which I complain except to laugh at them. I can hardly hope this last explanation to be the true one, since it is quite as unusual for a Newspaper now-a-days to be without its 'foreign intelligence' as its 'Prophet;' and the tribe has so increas'd upon us that the 'Sunday Times' will occasionally publish the 'crudities' of half a dozen of them in one number;—each contradicting the other and each of them as busy, impertinent, and remov'd from Truth, as carelessness, bad English, and presumption can make him.

I will wager of prophecy that 'Editors' and 'Prophets' will regard my lines as an ill-natur'd attack, instead of a grave correction.

But, I have suffer'd much from both during the last three years, and have consulted into the bargain certain 'men of sense' well-affected to the interests of the Turf, who have declar'd to me that they have suffer'd agonies as well.

I have, therefore, come to the conclusion, that these 'aphides vastatores' of racing must be check'd, and that it is the duty of every good citizen to contribute his recipe for the purpose.

Should the medicine which I now exhibit have the effect of nipping in the bud even a very little 'Prophet' my labour will not be thrown away. Should it prove ineffective, I must return to the laboratory, and endeavour to compound a literary gun-cotton; for nothing short of that will reach them.

JOHN DAVIS.

## PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

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BUT for the virulence of the 'Prophets' (with whose privileges and jurisdiction it seems to have interfer'd most strangely), this Satire probably would never have seen a second edition. The culprits, however, have rais'd such a howl against their tormentor, and have 'slander'd him so impossibly' in their notices of his work, that the author has thought it due to the Public, the Prophets, and himself, to reprint 'The Ring,' copies of which were much enquir'd after, thanks to the gratuitous advertisements of 'Vates and Co.,' who, not content with one bout at the 'cart's tail,' immediately determined to earn a second.

This little Satire has, in short, had more success than the author dar'd to hope for; which proves, in the first place, that the Prophets had become a real pest, and, in the second, that the whole body of the Turf had become completely 'fly-blown' with their nauseous deposits. Scarcely a single Newspaper remain'd unsoil'd by these productions. Few sportsmen, and no sporting subject, escap'd their impertinence. Insolence, outre-cuidance, ignorance, and libel, became the order of the day; until at last they became less tolerable to an owner of race-horses than a plague of wasps, blue-bottle flies, and such-like, to a grocer just set up in business; and so they will remain, unless compell'd to change their manners.

An impudent London groom, who had lately been imported into the head-quarters of fox-hunting, being ask'd what he thought of 'the Cottesmore' (in Lord Lonsdale's time), declar'd that he saw at once what was wanting. 'They want,' said he, 'new hounds, new horses, and a new huntsman! The country's good enough.' Now this opinion, holpen a little by metaphor, expresses very nearly the 'Prophets' case. They want sense, tact, and judgment: the business is good enough! How they have contriv'd to mar it by bad handling is a quarrel to be settled between themselves and the Public, whose name and authority they have habitually misus'd, after Falstaff's example in the matter of 'the King's Press,' without, however, making, as he did, 'six hundred and odd pounds' by their misdeeds.

It is somewhat satisfactory to 'John Davis' to know that, since the appearance of his poem, there has been a mark'd improvement, and even an inclination to modesty, in the tone of many of the writers on sporting subjects; whilst, on the other hand, 'the irreclaimable' have been driven into some of the most absurd complaints and miserable shifts of libel that rage ever suggested to imposture. This is as it ought to be. An improvement in the respectable, and a further fall in the shameless, will help to widen the distinction between such men as 'Judex' and 'Vates.'

PHILO-DAVIS.



## The Ring.

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### PART I.—THE CLUB.

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‘How to ring a bear :—

First catch him !’———

*Unknown Author.*

**O**F arts and arms—and love—let others sing !  
 Muse, trim thy wings and celebrate ‘the Ring !’

Not this the famous ring that long ago  
 Wreak’d Cannæ’s vengeance on Rome’s sternest foe ;  
 Nor this ‘the Ring,’ proud ‘Castlemaine’s’ resort,  
 Where ‘Sedley’ saunter’d and where ‘Mohun’ fought ;  
 Nor yet ‘the Ring’ where British courage plies  
 The trade of flatt’ning nose, and black’ning eyes !  
 What ‘Ring’ then, prithee, is it ? There’s the rub !  
 ’Tis a community, republic, club !  
 A motley club, at present without rules,  
 Where wise men feed in public—upon fools  
 Go to Newmarket, there you’ll hear them roar !  
 Like Cross’s lions fed at half-past four  
 On shins of beef ; but, unlike beasts of prey,  
 No food their ravenous appetites can stay.

There Satan, touting from behind his ditch,  
 Beholds the fools grow poor and knaves wax rich ;  
 While Captain Armstrong rides the better horse,  
 And needy nobblers chuckle o’er ‘a cross :’

Or, for a change, the knowing ones stand in  
With some 'dark flier' meant at last—to win !  
There jockeys, trainers, Lords, and legs, and boys,  
And Cambridge 'flats' in villainous corduroys,  
Join in one shout that rends the piercing air :—  
'The Horse !' 'The Mare !' 'A thousand !'—'You've the Mare !'  
'A hundred on the Horse !' 'Say, five to four !'  
'In ponies ?' 'Fifties.' 'Done !' 'Again ?' 'No more !'  
Then 'Pedley' proffers, with transcendent roar,  
To bet six pounds to five—take six to four ;  
And 'Crutch,' with ample betting-book pull'd out,  
Lays even money to some weak-lung'd lout ;  
While 'Crocky' niggles up in haste, to share  
The coming fortunes of the lucky mare.  
The odds are chang'd—the cat has jump'd at last ;  
The horse's luckless backers stand aghast.  
'Tis not his day ! they see he's not the thing :  
And three to one goes begging round 'the Ring !'

Oh, noblest vehicle of gain or loss !  
Misus'd, mismanaged, much-enduring horse !  
Torn from thy native sands to breathe an air  
As free and bracing, though perhaps less fair.  
Child of the free ! no slavish soil can trace  
Th' untainted lineage of the spotless race.  
It droops where tyrants flourish ; let them rave !  
Ishmael's sole wealth consorts not with a slave.

---

'Crutch.' 'Crutch Robinson,' a lame man, one of the shrewdest  
and heaviest bettors of his day.

Midst cringing serfs and trembling hinds forlorn,  
Dwindles the produce of the 'Desert-Born !'  
But here it thrives unrivall'd ;—far more fleet  
Our steeds, than all that 'Yemen's' barleys eat.  
Not those fam'd mares which erst the Prophet bore,  
Nor those fierce steeds Achilles lash'd of yore,  
Nor all that ever spurn'd Olympic dust,—  
Though sung by Pindar's self, and ta'en on trust  
By later ages, could compete with ours,  
For swiftness, courage, and enduring powers !

And what if knavish tricks and knavish art  
Partial dishonour to the turf impart ?  
Shall we give up the glory of our land  
At '*Berkeley's*' beck, and '*Joseph Hume's*' command ?  
Shall we protect the rogues, and punish none  
But those who've honestly and fairly won ?  
No ! No ! The English nation loves a horse,  
Adores a race, and likes a bet, of course.

Come, then, old gentleman, assume your hat !  
I'll do the honours of '*Newmarket's Flat* !'  
There racing stands unrivall'd—not a blade  
Of bolder grass exalts its wither'd head  
To mar the velvet turf ; no '*Stands*' are seen  
To court the crowd,—'tis business we mean.

With saddle strapp'd behind his dapper back,  
Who canters up '*the Heath*' on pigmy hack ?

---

*'Berkeley's' beck.* Maurice, first Lord FitzHardinge.

'Tis 'Robinson,' or 'Chifney'!—mark his seat!  
 How firm yet graceful, vigorous but neat!  
 There's 'Chesterfield' and 'Anson,' 'Byng' and 'Payne,'  
 'Peel,' 'Bowes,' and 'Stradbroke' in his cautious vein;  
 'Jersey' and 'Beaufort,' 'Rutland' and his partner  
 Th' adventurous 'Sloane,' 'Rous,' 'Orford,' 'Greville,' 'Gardner,'  
 'Exeter,' 'Glasgow,' 'Maidstone,' and the might  
 Of fierce 'Lord George,' much felt in '*Qui Tam*' fight.

Now to the betting-post! What sounds are these?  
 Can people roar with such provoking ease?  
 See 'Pedley' stand auspicious on the Pump,  
 Clear his fine voice and give a warning thump;  
 While 'Hill,' in hoarser tones, assails the skies,  
 And lesser 'Stentors' practise shriller cries.  
 Ah! if you love me, gentle bettors, be  
 Content to shout in somewhat lower key!  
 And roar, like 'Bully Bottom' in the tale,  
 More like a sucking dove or nightingale.  
 My ears are sensitive, my voice is low,  
 Yet would I make a bet before I go.

'Tis done, Sir! 'Hill' has book'd it! Round I turn  
 And gallop off prepared the worst to learn;  
 And, sooth to say, my 'favourite' shows a most  
 Decided horror of the winning-post:  
 For if one does not, as they say, stand in  
 With a good thing, 'tis rather hard to win.  
 Yet, why denounce it all? I've had my losses,  
 Like 'Dogberry,' and cheer'd my winning horses.

The system's not immaculate, no doubt !  
 But cleanse 'the Ring,' and kick 'Levanters' out !  
 'Tis doubly hard to pay 'a man of straw,'  
 Whose next year's purse-strings no receipt can draw.  
 But why denounce the sport which 'Grafton' loves,  
 And 'Spencer,' 'Portland,' 'Albemarle' approves ?  
 Which kings establish'd, and the country's pride,  
 Protest who may, will never lay aside.  
 But must we hold the pitying hand for aye,  
 Though bettors don't apologise or pay ?  
 Shall ruffian '*Anderson*' to Epsom sneak,  
 And stalk unkick'd, uncudgell'd for a week ?  
 Shall rogues of every shape, and grade, and size,  
 Unhang'd-up villainies, incarnate lies,  
 Disport themselves as bravely as if willing  
 To pawn their shirts and pay their utmost shilling,  
 While in 'the Ring' some 'man of straw' lays out  
*Their* thousands still, and then levants next bout ?  
 And in the courts of law their agents drive  
*Actions 'Qui Tam'* in dozens, and would thrive,  
 If 'Milner Gibson' were but listen'd to :—  
 But since we're safe till then—'*rassurons nous !*'  
 Oh, 'Milner Gibson !' 'Milner Gibson,' oh !  
 Why will you persecute poor winners so ?

'*Anderson.*' 'Messrs. Anderson' and 'Beales,' the one a public singer, the other a Cambridge coal-merchant, made themselves at this time conspicuous by default.

'*Actions Qui Tam.*' These actions were revived by a sharp attorney, and employ'd by way of reprisal, by the thieves.

Why will you make them pay on such bad grounds,  
 And to such rogues—*four hundred thousand pounds*?  
 Look up your law! You want it. We invent  
 No novel course, but steer by precedent.  
 Law, custom, equity, and sense with us;  
 We care not though your wisdom make a fuss!

And you, too, 'Joseph!' ever dropping on,  
 Like the small stream that wears the living stone;  
 Give over cackling where it serves no use;  
 Wait till the Capitol's attacked, *good goose*!  
 Why will your meddling fingers always flirt  
 With slippery tricks, and sympathise with dirt?  
 So horse-racing's declar'd '*a game, or sitting*!'  
 Not unlike thimble-rig, but more befitting

'*Four hundred thousand pounds.*' This was the sum sought to be recover'd by this novel application of the Act of Anne—one half to go to the parish, and one to the informer. Every magnate of the turf was saddled with numberless actions, at the caprice of the inventor of the scheme, and many were a good deal frighten'd. The rogues, however, were defeated, and the tables turn'd upon them by the Duke of Richmond and Lord Palmerston's Act, which had the effect of completing the ruin of the promoters of the 'Qui Tam' actions.

'*Good goose!*' 'Mr. Hume,' in one of his speeches, compar'd himself to the geese of the Capitol and their uses. Painters are not often so happy in drawing their own portraits.

'*A game, or sitting.*' It was determin'd by the bewigg'd wisdom of the Bench that horse-racing came within the Act of Anne, inasmuch as it was a '*Game*' or '*Sitting*' capable of being play'd at the Groom Porter's lodge in the several Royal Palaces. Oh! ingenious perverters of common sense! superior to the vulgar acquirements of reading, writing, and understanding! How shall any Parliament, however divinely guided, make laws which you, and such as you, will not

The dignity of Courts and places royal,  
And much play'd at St. James's by the loyal.  
Queen Anne, were she alive, would rap out 'Fudge !'  
To such a reading, and unwig the Judge.

Go on, *Lord George!* your stringent rules extend  
Through all the land, the sportsman's truest friend ;  
With head to plan, and hand to carry out  
Knave's complete discomfiture and rout.  
Though bankrupt 'Andersons' may wreak their spite  
In 'Qui Tam' actions, true men know you're right !

---

interpret by contradictories, and defeat by legal quibbles, that must, sooner or later, bring ye to the place where the Father of such monstrous perversions holds his sittings in Banco ?

'*Lord George.*' Since this was written, Lord George Bentinck, having cleans'd the Augean stable, defeated the 'Qui Tam' rogues, and disciplin'd racing in all its branches, has retir'd from the turf. Let us hope, not for ever.

It is not too much to say of him that he has created racing as it now is. His adaptation of the van to racing purposes, his prosecution of all rogues, and the obstinacy with which he hunted them down, his telegraph, and the impetus he gave to stakes and handicaps throughout the kingdom, have produc'd as great a change as Augustus when he found Rome brick and left it marble.

## The Ring.

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### PART II.—THE PROPHETS.

---

'With eyes that hardly serv'd at most  
To guide their owner 'gainst a post.'

*The Chameleon.*

STAND forth, ye Prophets ! from the Grub Street dens,  
Where brainless folly nibs Sibylline pens !  
Hold up your inky hands, and let us see  
Who, in the name of Heaven, our wise ones be !  
The Court is set, and pillory and whipping  
Await the mightiest soothsayer caught tripping.

Years have gone by, alas ! since '*Judex*' writ,  
And smarten'd common sense with sterling wit.

---

'*Judex*' writ. '*Judex*' was the first who attempted to discuss the merits of horses in the daily papers. Excellent as he was, both in judgment and style, he has much to answer for. Without his success, we had never heard of the swarm of prophets and quack doctors of the Turf that now infect every newspaper (the *Times* excepted) with nonsense for which a school-boy should be whipp'd, and a man put into a strait waistcoat.

(There were many guesses and surmises as to who '*Judex*' was. Some confidently asserted that the letters were written by a learned judge (Martin) from information furnish'd from the best quarters, but all agreed that they were the work of a very able man. Many years afterwards, it came out that they were written by Mr. Jeremiah Ives, a man who made a large fortune by betting, and was universally known to be one of the shrewdest and best-inform'd speculators of his day.)



Shrewd in his judgments, classic in his style,  
 Unhir'd by 'black-legs,' uninspir'd by bile,  
 His essays pleas'd, like Walton's, those who laugh'd  
 At the quaint mysteries of 'the fisher's craft.'  
 One day they ceas'd,—for 'Judex' had resign'd  
 The Prophet's occupation to the blind.  
 And his success, or more, the zest he left,  
 With racing appetites of food bereft,  
 Sent out an 'Arkful' of prodigious shapes,  
 Our daily pests, lamented 'Judex' apes.

Now '*Pegasus*' adapts his wings to fly,  
 Now hobbles forth decrepit 'Bunbury';  
 The 'Early Village Cock' from Middleham crows,  
 And 'Miles's cunning infant' blows his nose.  
 By 'Touchstone's' copious nonsense scarcely match'd,  
 'Argus' picks conquerors from horses scratch'd;  
 And all combine in futile rage to drub  
 With verbal bangs th' appeal-less 'Jockey Club.'  
 Each comes prepar'd with yet another plan  
 For reinstating quick that 'good young man,'

---

'*Pegasus*.' '*Pegasus*,' the best of the present Prophets, writes in 'Bell's Life in London.' He will be commended in the course of this inquiry. 'Bunbury,' the most self-sufficient, twaddling, and impertinent of them, occupies on Mondays, throughout the season, three tiresome columns of the 'Morning Herald.' He will be almost flay'd alive before the 'Satirist' has done with him. 'The Early Village Cock' and 'Miles's Boy' are two minor prophets, occupying holes and corners in the 'Sunday Times.' 'Touchstone' fills up the gap made by the dismissal of 'Vates' from the 'Era.' He is a very heavy prophet. 'Argus' occupies the place of 'Judex' in the 'Morning Post.' He must be the most impudent of his tribe, or he would write with a little more diffidence, considering whose successor he is.

For whom the pensive Public sigheth ever,—  
 'He was so blameless, and he is so clever!'

Each Journal now (expensive luxury!)  
 Maintains its shallow-pated 'Bunbury';  
 But that old driv'ling 'Grandmamma's' own shelf  
 Groans with the twaddle father'd by himself.  
 There, in her acre-age, combination sweet,  
 His pertness, blindness, and bad English meet;  
 Forming together such a heavy dish  
 That the dull Editor finds nought to wish.  
 Return, thou blockhead! to some 'Wackford's' rule!  
 Gulp brimston'd treacle at a 'Yorkshire School!'  
 Clear out thy brains, thy body, and thy style!  
 Let's hear no more of 'Bunbury'—*save his mile.*

Next 'Argus' comes; so oft they've caught him sleeping,  
 His hundred blinking eyes the roads are sweeping,  
 In most appropriate mockery transferr'd  
 To caudal-end of Juno's strutting bird.  
 Why, man, your wise 'informant' needs must wait  
 On Friday night, for news, at Hanwell's gate;  
 Such random hits, such wishy-washy clatter,  
 Should constitute, methinks, a hopeless 'hatter.'

Discarded 'Vates,' one short word with you!  
 Worse, and yet better than the other two.

---

'*Save his mile.*' The Bunbury mile at Newmarket, nam'd after  
 Sir Charles Bunbury. It is 7 furlongs and 196 yards in length, and  
 finishes at the winning-post of the Round Course. The 'Morning  
 Herald's' Prophet has done well to affix the name of this cruel mile, to  
 his cruel, stupid letters.

I've heard it whisper'd—Though your 'pick's' not bad,  
Your style's inaneness drives the reader mad.  
And well I mind, in days of 'Auld Lang Syne,'  
Ere Crockford gave up 'hazard' to mix wine;  
And left his books and schemes of gain to go  
Where no one cares to follow him—'below.'  
That reverend senior grinning, us'd to say:—  
'Vel, Sir! so "Wayts" is wrong agin to-day!'   
From this I argue that he thought your sphere,  
(Though right for once in 'Phosphorus's year,'  
Lay more in 'quill-driving' and sparrow-catching,  
Than Epsom racing, or Newmarket matching;  
And him in shrewdness none could overreach,  
Not the old Usurer of the 'leather-breech.'  
Besides, you babble about mutton-chops,  
Describe the road, the weather, and the crops;  
Detail your journey there and back again,  
And the small grandeurs of a first-class train.  
Bedaub the Chester handicaps with praise,  
And thank the Cestrians for four pleasant days;  
Cut jokes more dreary far than Cumbria's waste,  
Combining vulgar words with vulgar taste,  
And pun and puzzle, and then pun again,  
Till all attempts to follow you are vain.

What bird and beast are these? A 'bumpkin fowl,'  
And a sad hound—too well I know his howl.  
Since 'twould be waste of time and toil to flog  
With any English scourge 'Joe Muggins'' dog,  
I hereby charge thee, 'Muggins,' to provide  
A Russian knout for his most callous hide;

See that the tap'ring thong and well-chew'd lash  
 Might serve Czar Nicholas himself to thrash  
 A patriotic Pole, or restive Nun !  
 While Greek Arch-bishops bless Muscovian fun.  
 Muzzle him, too ! the moon-behowling tyke !  
 And let all ' Josephs ' serve such curs alike.

Nor must thou crow unnotic'd on, thou queer  
 Usurper of the name Chanticleer !  
 Early thou art, and early let us see  
 The cooking of such noisy fowls as thee !

But midst this sweeping censure, shall we grudge  
 His meed of well-earn'd praise to one good judge,  
 Who though he tickle not our ears, the while,  
 With all the pleasant point of ' Judex ' style,  
 Tempers his racing knowledge with sound sense,  
 Decides with care, and writes without pretence ?  
 Then ' Pegasus ' accept the tribute due  
 To the sole ' Prophet ' that is often true.  
 Not thine to threaten '*Bunbury's dinner feat*,'  
 Nor swear a horse was poison'd if he's beat.

---

' *Bunbury's dinner feat.*' Bunbury, after about two columns of nonsense, in which he talks of the Turf in its 'tricapital attributes,' and says it is 'extremely like Cerberus;' disposes of 'Clermont's' chance for the Newmarket Handicap after the following light and airy fashion : 'His owner, plum'd by his last performance in the cobbler city (Northampton), flies fully feather'd over all the field but Sting. . If I were prone to betting, I would lay five millions to one sovereign against him. His worthy owner (Mr. Gregory, M.P. for Dublin) looks on him through his Northampton spectacles as the winner. I, taking another view of his merits, declare; that if he win I will eat him, head, tail, saddle,

Not thine to hint at wondrous complots known  
 To none on earth but 'Pegasus' alone.  
 Not thine to blow thy penny trump next day,  
 With—'Weren't we right?' and see 'Synopsis,' pray!  
 'Tis true, as sure as 'Bunbury's' a Prophet,  
 His choice runs third and no one thinks ought of it;  
 But had the other nags been sick, or dead,  
 Or left at home, he had run first instead.  
 Thou muddle-headed noodle fear to write,  
 Lest I nib one more pen and crush thee quite.

Thus far, good 'Pegasus,' accept my thanks  
 For sense unspotted by prophetic pranks.  
 Yet are there bones to pick 'twixt you and me,—  
 'Horses are not the *Public property*!'  
 The Public never paid a single farthing  
 To keep an owner or his horse from starving:  
 The Public bet, tout, bother, and forestall,  
 And if they burn themselves the Public squall.  
 And so they ought, and serve them right: they look  
 Through every page-full of an owner's book;

jockey, red stripes and all.' The horse won in a canter by two lengths, and the Metropolitan Handicap at Epsom a few weeks later. So much for Bunbury!

'*Horses are not the public property.*' The vested interest of the public in the horse it pleases them to back, is perhaps the most indefensible position ever taken up by the 'Press' and the 'Prophets.' How they get at it I know not; but until they can show that five hundred individuals can acquire a right collectively which belongs to none of them separately, it would be really kind of them to desist from representing gentlemen's horses as 'public property;' because they have been back'd, at their own peril, by Messrs. Tomkins and Smith.

Glower o'er his shoulder as he writes a bet,  
 And if not tall enough the Public fret.  
 And this is reckon'd decent !—' by these hilts,'  
 A man should bet, for secrecy, on stilts.

But not to 'Pegasus' will I concede,  
 Nor any one, nor all the Seers agreed,  
 Speak they their own, or more, the public mind,  
 The power they arrogate to loose and bind.

With every prejudice, without regard  
 To what they write, howe'er unjust and hard,  
 These saucy scribblers make our daily Press  
 A noisy vehicle to claim redress.  
 Should handicappers weight a friendly horse  
 Five pounds too high, down drop our 'Seers' of course !  
 Each brags more loudly than his fellow ass  
 That things are come to a prodigious pass !  
 'That every man,'—*i. e.* themselves,—'must feel  
*Disgust, and something more*, from head to heel.'  
 'That henceforth' paid officials 'are requir'd.'  
 By whom ? The Public of unpaid ones tir'd ?

'*Disgust, and something more.*' 'Curses not loud but deep were shower'd upon the handicapper' ('Morning Post,' May 31, 1847); and again, 'The manner in which Mr. Gully's horses were treated (Ascot Handicap) has excited a feeling somewhat stronger than disgust, in the mind of every unbiass'd sportsman.' 'Bunbury,' too, says, 'He considers people rightly serv'd who submit their property to irresponsible officials.' Both of them braying because the Handicapper has disappointed a friend's expectations, who had perhaps been pulling his horse with a view to future engagements.

O tempora ! O Bunbury ! O mores !

'That this and that man lowers his high station,  
That this and that case needs investigation !'  
When will they deign to regulate the size  
Of Epsom salad-bowls, and pigeon-pies ;  
And tell how many gooseberries per bottle  
Will brew champagne fit for a prophet's throttle ?

And here I pause, in anger mix'd with grief,  
To gaze on impudence beyond belief.  
Who made you judges, scurvy Prophets ? Who  
Wishes Turf matters to be rul'd by you ?  
You say, '*The punishment exceeds th' offence ;*'  
You talk of errors in the præterit tense :  
You point triumphant to his late career  
Who won the 'Oaks' and 'Derby' both, last year ;  
The 'Derby' this—the Vase, the Cup—and say,  
'The 'Public' asks, and will have back John Day !'  
Your threat, 'the 'Public,' has a right to know  
The evidence that cast him,'—be it so.  
I dare to promise (should his friends advise)  
The goodly budget yet shall greet your eyes ;  
But much I beg you in your zeal to pause,  
Lest it for ever damn your client's cause.  
Your bullying tone and ill-judg'd violence  
Have still been exercis'd at his expense ;

---

'*The punishment exceeds th' offence.*' The curious are referr'd to the works of the Prophets in general on that favourite subject, the exclusion of Mr. John Day, jun., from Newmarket, by order of the Jockey Club ; which order has been rescinded since those verses were written. My remarks, however, are just as applicable as ever to the merits of the case ; and he owes little or nothing to the clumsy efforts of these gentlemen in his favour.

The '*Sunday Times*' has thunder'd at his cost ;  
 In 'Bell's' high-pressure he was fairly lost ;  
 And each time 'Vates' clears his throat to bray,  
 Or 'Bunbury' blusters, throws him back a day.  
 A word, then, in your ear,—he serves him best  
 Who holds his tongue, and lets time do the rest.  
 Yet must I hold it for a deep disgrace  
 To those who gave such rampant libels place ;  
 The Editors who did not fear to lend  
 A hand to falsehoods that might serve a friend,  
 And still contrive, in spite of every hint,  
 To make the nauseous case a theme for print.

We've seen our 'Prophets' now, before the Judge,  
 Straightforward 'Clarke' has prov'd their witchcraft fudge.  
 Let's view them after, when their brains are cool,  
 Faint from their struggles on the 'Pythian stool.'

How smirking still ! how full of 'quips and cranks !'  
 How glibly swallowing editorial thanks !  
 For every glaring failure they produce  
 A valid reason, or a good excuse.  
 On 'ifs and ands' they raise a goodly pile,  
 And mix up poisons in 'Tophana's' style  
 Which make nags safe, yet leave no trace behind 'em,  
 And baffle 'Faraday' himself to find 'em.

Then out blurts 'Bunbury,'—'It now appears  
 'Red Hart' was poison'd for the race,—his ears  
 Droop'd low instead of pricking up ; his tail  
 (A sure criterion, too, when horses ail)



Hung listless to his houghs—the horse was ill !  
 And ‘Bunbury’ knows who made and gave the pill.  
 Dost thou, good wiseacre ? Then tell ‘John Kent,’  
 That hint were better than thy best lament.

This mare’s nest found, the jolterhead proceeds  
 To compliment himself on his great deeds.  
 ‘Right in four races out of five ! How clever !  
 And half-a-dozen matches,’—did you ever ?  
 Mem. for the first he *picks them out in batches* ;  
 And wisely takes them both for choice in matches.  
 ‘Refer to letter !’ Welcome Stakes : ‘we said  
 ‘Miami’ first, but ‘Red Hart’ won instead.  
 Now this, of course, was what we meant—just so !  
 It isn’t every fool knows what we know.’  
 But not content with ordinary tropes,  
 Impressive ‘Bunbury’ with the ‘marv’lous’ copes,  
 And solemnly condemns to mastication  
 A horse, for winning ’gainst his regulation.  
 Not ‘Ugolino’ grunching o’er his skull,  
 Nor ‘*Tarrare*’ scrunching rats, a prison full,

‘*Picks them out in batches.*’ Ascot Hunt Cup. Synopsis of probable results :— Winner, either ‘Traverser’ (*N.B.* it was notorious at the time of writing that this horse would not start, yet ‘Bunbury’ was not aware of it !), ‘Wood Pigeon, Gabbler, or War Eagle.’ This is a good sample of picking winners out in batches.

‘*Tarrare scrunching rats.*’ There was a French prisoner of war, in Napoleon’s time, of this name ; but possibly it was a nickname. At any rate, I heard a gentleman, who *saw him*, say, that he not only was in the habit of clearing off the rats and mice, besides his rations and all the scraps remaining over from the rest of the prisoners, but hinted that he had more than once eaten human flesh on the field of battle. His

Nor any cannibal that ever took  
 An appetising glance at Captain Cook,  
 Competes with him who, spite of Dublin's groans,  
 Decides on polishing poor 'Clermont's' bones.  
 Such equine banquets our most beef-fed lieges  
 Have often shudder'd at in famous sieges ;  
 But never dreamt, as yet, of horse for dinner,  
 Because 'the chestnut fool' came in a winner.  
 And after this disgrace did 'Bunbury' dare  
 To face it out, and brave the Public stare ?  
 Did 'Grandmamma' turn off her household Seer,  
 Rescind his penny-a-line, or stop his beer ?  
 Or did she, of his hits no longer vain,  
 Deny her bantling space to scrawl again ?  
 Oh, no ! the dear old lady loves a joke,  
 And cuts one, too, as well as other folk ;  
 And rather from 'a leader' would she part  
 Than miss the sallies of this 'light young heart,'  
 So publishes next day a work from Babel,  
 'Synopsis' hight, or '*Bunbury's time-table.*'  
 In which he makes the horses win by rule,  
 And proves himself, with circumstance, a fool.

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complexion was that of a corpse, and there was a continual clammy damp on his skin. He would eat anything, and his appetite was insatiable. '*Bunbury's time-table.*' In 'Bunbury's' own opinion 'the time-table' is decidedly his strong point. It is almost valueless, in fact, and for this reason. Good horses, by racing at each other, bring on the tug of war early, and the struggle over, the pace moderates ; whereas, platers sometimes, by going a pace which they can sustain to the end, get over the course in the same time, or occasionally in less. It is the fight that makes the race-horse, not the stop-watch. The time-table, then, is at best curious and laborious trifling, and I think that very little importance will ever be attach'd to it by good judges of racing.

Next babbles 'Touchstone,' 'Mendicant was beat ;  
 'Twas her companion, 'Hero,' did the feat !  
 This, then, must reckon for a hit, for who  
 Would stand on one where he might stand on two ?

But who comes next ? why, 'Bunbury' again !  
 And, as I live, in *light sarcastic vein* :  
 Abusing Hampton races, town, and steeple,  
 The 'Toy,' the 'Hurst,' the river and the people,  
 The booths, the stands, 'old Parsons' and his sport,  
 And everything at Hampton but the Court ;  
 And telling us, 'It works him much annoy,  
 To see the meadows where he roll'd a boy

'Mendicant was beat.' The field for the Vase (at Ascot) was larger than I expected. The 'Danebury' party preferr'd starting 'Hero,' to our pick, 'Mendicant.'—(*Touchstone's Retrospections of Ascot.*)

'*Light sarcastic vein.*' Bunbury, in his letter of June 14, 1847, says : 'Formerly (at the races on Moulsey Hurst) there was the fishing of a horse and rider out of the river, an item which we miss now in common with the dinner 'al fresco,' and the large slice of indigestible cucumber which we were wont to eat upon the grassy banks beneath the flowering chestnuts of Bushey Park,—pleasures now, alas ! forbidden by 'Mr. Velveteen,' the Park-keeper.'

Was there ever a sweeter description of Cockney felicity indited ? But never mind, friend Bunbury ! if 'Mr. Velveteen's brief authority' have forbidden 'the chestnuts' and the 'bank,' it has also interfer'd with the indigestible cucumber, and enabled you to dispense with the nocturnal knocking up of 'Mr. Fiat Haustus,' the family apothecary, whose visit you artfully leave to inference alone. It may be as well to remark, *passim*, that the eloquent complainant 'Bunbury' must be in the habit of cutting up cucumbers into large slices, like melons, in which we differ from him. For the 'Stakes at Hampton,' he says, 'that Glory, if meant to win, will !' He then prophesies the winners of seven races, and is wrong in all.

In Cockney glee,' and then, of-course pic-nic'd it :  
 ' By keeper's surly veto interdicted.'  
 Ah, bushel-headed brat ! I see thee now  
 Sprawl in a spot where late repos'd a cow :  
 While screams the nurse, and points to what she means,  
 ' Law ! Master ' Bunbury's ' dirtied his nankeens !'

Adieu, then, ' Prophets,' who from one deal desk  
 Knock off the race, the road, the picturesque,  
 The handicapper, owner, jockey, judge,  
 Flatter a friend, pay off a secret grudge,  
 Lecture on morals, feelings, honesty,  
 ' *The Turf as 'tis and 'twas*, and ought to be :'  
 And twenty other themes, the more the better,  
 In the dull compass of one vapid letter.  
 Did ever ' Rabelais,' in wildest feat,  
 Make stronger hotch-potch in one chapter meet ?  
 Were crosser questions in the ' Sorbonne ' mooted,  
 Or subtler points by ' Crichton's ' tongue disputed ?

I underrate not mental throes and toil—  
 I grudge no pence that pay for midnight oil ;  
 I know that trouble is our lot : I feel,  
 To write like ' Bunn ' is better than to steal.

' *The Turf as 'tis and 'twas*.' 'The Turf as it is, it was, and it ought to be,' is the sesquipedalian title of a work by ' Touchstone,' which draws forth by numbers in the ' Era ' newspaper. ' Fortunam Priami cantabo et nobile bellum,' is a modest promise compar'd with Touchstone's. Anyone who will wade through the first number, will (if a friend) advise him to cut the rest of it short.

I honour handicrafts, and craftsmen's pains,  
I clip no penny-a-liner's copper gains ;  
Yet I deny that folly so intense  
Must needs result from lack of common sense !

So here I fling my glove, and warn these ' Seers,'  
Despite their gab, their impudence, and ears,  
That no respect nor mercy will I show.  
To the dull firm of ' Bunbury and Co. '

## The Ring.

### PART III.—THE REJOINDER.

No respect nor mercy will I show  
To the dull firm of 'Bunbury and Co. !'

A VAST there railing, Prophets ! don't you know  
That senseless slanders only serve your foe ?  
No need of friendly voice to puff ' the Ring,'—  
Where such yells follow there must be a sting.  
Each pail of mud you scatter on the town  
Saves him you toil to damage half-a-crown,  
While you to fetch it, toil through sloughs unknown,  
To any other rancour than your own ;  
Till, all defil'd by misery and mire,  
With you no scarecrow would exchange attire—  
Unless, beside yourselves and weeds forlorn,  
You place your Prophet's salary in pawn.

But here I sue for grace, and pause in time,  
For ' pawn ' and ' lorn,' I hear you say, don't rhyme,  
No more than ' horse ' and ' loss,' or ' fool ' and ' rule.'  
So taught ' the Busby ' of your pet hedge-school—  
That worthy pedant who, with arm of lead  
And weight of birch, inform'd his pupil's head,  
And still survives to wonder at the fame  
Of ' Bunbury's ' blunders, and of ' Vates ' shame.

How weak the censure, and how dire the rage,  
 That bids these rail through many a bitter page,  
 Let honest men, who father no dolt's grudge,  
 Still less a touting Prophet's frenzy, judge.  
 For those who now against my rhymes declaim,  
 Were once too glad to publish what they blame.  
 If I speak truth or not, let 'Dowling' tell!  
 At least he'll find 'the Ring's first part' in 'Bell.'  
 Now 'tis a little late, methinks, to find  
 That 'horse' and 'loss' don't jingle to his mind.

To slur a quantity, or force a rhyme,  
*In Pope or Dryden*, is a venial crime;  
 In poor 'John Davis' 'tis a sin too great  
 For years of penitence to expiate!  
 And why? Because his critics' tingling backs  
 Yet writhe beneath his lash's fierce attacks;

'*In Pope or Dryden, is a venial crime.*' We find, in six consecutive lines of Pope's 'Essay on Criticism,' two rhymes which are more than doubtful:—

'High on Parnassus' top her sons she 'show'd,'  
 And pointed out the arduous paths they 'trod';  
 Held from afar, aloft th' immortal prize,  
 And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.  
 Just precepts thus from great examples 'given,'  
 She drew from them what they deriv'd from 'Heaven.'

'Given,' it would seem, rhymes to 'Heaven.' Was the great Essayist the original projector of the favourite nursery phrase, 'Gracious Iv-vins!' in which our 'Mrs. Gamps' express surprise? After this, 'horse' and 'loss' may pass.

'In lazy apathy let Stoics boast  
 Their virtue fix'd;—'tis fix'd as in a frost!'

*Second Epistle, 'Essay on Man.'*

I will multiply no more examples from Pope, 'thrasher of dunces' though he be. *Aliquando dormitat, Αλεξανδρος θεουιδης.*

Dryden, in 'Cymon and Iphigenia' (one of his most finish'd poems),

And not a 'Prophet' now but hears the crowd  
 Laugh at his trade, and mock his works aloud ;  
 Till, sick at heart, the poor wretch sighs to leave  
 The tattling world he can no more deceive.  
 'Where subject-matter is of sterling stuff,  
 Unstudied rhymes may serve us well enough ;  
 But when the thoughts are vague, and words are weak,  
 Rhymes should not jar, nor halting verses creak !'  
 I was prepar'd to meet a fierce assault,  
 And lo ! a doubtful rhyme's my greatest fault !  
 I was prepar'd to see contrition shown,  
 But not in the 'Old Bailey's' ribald tone.  
 Not one poor solitary grain of sense  
 Points their attacks, or helps out their defence ;  
 To vilest 'Billingsgate' at once they fly,  
 And rake each nook of Slang's foul armoury.  
 Just so the gentle youth, condemn'd to trudge  
 On 'botanizing trip' by cruel Judge,  
 Winks at his 'pals,' and knowingly expands  
 The simple glories of his unwash'd hands ;  
 Withers with classic scorn the Jury's ranks,  
 And finely telegraphs his parting thanks ;  
 Then trusts to meet them all at Botany,  
 And hopes 'his Lordship ain't 'took worse' at sea.'

not content with making 'unfit' rhyme with 'yet' in the two first lines, presents us with the following as he goes on,—

'Cheap conquest for his following friends 'remain'd ;'  
 He reap'd the field, the rest but only 'glean'd.'

From these examples we are forc'd to conclude that the 'fetters of verse' may be knock'd off upon occasion, so that it be done sparingly, and with sufficient reason.



For tender skins a lighter thong is fit ;  
 Some keenly feel the discipline of wit.  
 They're sore enough ! The doctor cries, 'Enough !'  
 And e'en 'John Davis' thinks it 'quantum suff.'  
 But for the *crapulous and drunken swine*,  
 'Vates' he keeps the swinging cat-o'-nine ;  
 And here invites the curious not to fail,  
 But be his convoy at the dust-cart's tail.

This 'Vates' then, this 'Advertiser's scribe,'  
 The most horn-mad of all the Grub Street tribe,  
 This punster vile, this addle-pated seer,  
 This chronicler of lesser things than beer,  
 Who writes for publicans in phrase as stale,  
 And style as muddy as their own sour ale,—  
 Whose year's false prophecies, did he but spend  
 One pound on each, would break him ere its end,—

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'*Crapulous and drunken swine.*' 'Vates' objects to 'John Davis's' use of the word 'crapulous' as applied to himself; for, says he, 'I will tell him what it means—a blistering medicine!!' Now 'Vates' has had such experience in 'a blistering medicine' lately, that, were we not in the habit of acquainting ourselves thoroughly with the meaning of a word before we use it, we should bow to his decision with deference. But in this instance he must excuse us. Unfortunately we shall have to refer 'Vates' to the Greek again, where we know he flounders. If he have among his friends, however, one acquainted with the language, we are content to be judg'd by him whether or no *αραιώτης* means a headache produc'd by drunkenness. 'Cruikshank,' in his 'Comic Almanac for 1847' (month of June), has an excellent illustration of this state in his notice on 'Carrara Water.' 'Oh! that dreadful British Brandy!' says the gentleman afflicted with *αραιώτης*; from which in direct descent comes the Latin 'crapulosus,' in English 'crapulous:' at least, 'Johnson' thought so, if his Dictionary may amount to evidence on a subject already propounc'd upon by 'Vates.'

Whose glaz'd eye, staring through the films of drink,  
Disgusts '*Will Wyse*,' and makes e'en '*Paddy*' shrink.'

Who is he? you will ask. Th' accounts agree  
In nought so little as his pedigree,  
In Monmouth Street 'tis certain he was born,  
A Jewish mule, and circumcis'd in scorn;  
First he sold oranges, then rose to knives,  
And now as '*Vates, premier Prophet*,' thrives.

'*Will Wyse*,' and makes e'en '*Paddy*' shrink. The names of two 'touts;' characters that the frequenters of Newmarket will have no more difficulty in calling to mind than in recognising '*Vates*' after they have read our description of that worthy.

'*Vates, premier Prophet*.' '*Vates*' does not perceive that we tacitly allow him precedence in point of time, not as a '*Prophet*,' but a '*guesser*.' He was right for once in '*Phosphorus's year*;' but he will excuse us if we repeat that '*Judex*' still ranks, in our opinion, as the '*first of the Prophets*,' both in time and importance.

'*Vates*,' however, speaks for himself in this case:—'After an interval of some years I was follow'd by '*Judex*,' who in his opening article [we should like to set hands on it] paid me the handsomest of eulogiums.' Now what are 'eulogiums,' '*Vates*?' We cannot allow you to Anglicise the plural of a Latin noun neuter into the syllable 'ums.' 'Ums,' indeed! On the same principle you ought to write 'mums' as the plural of '*Madame*.' Why will you not say eulogies at once? You would then have written good English instead of bad Latin.

Truly his father, 'the Deputy-Lieutenant for Sussex,' though he rais'd him to maturity, must have cruelly neglected his classical education! '*John Davis*' is open to a wager that '*Vates*' does not understand the true meaning of one word in ten that he has us'd in his reply to the '*Rejoinder*.' He then proceeds to say that '*Judex*' deprecated all rivalry with an establish'd favourite of the Public; 'nor was I backward at any time in reciprocating the compliment.' '*Hoity, toity, Vates!* Rivalry between you and *Judex!*' Figure to yourself, gentle reader, '*Kcmble*' assuring '*Grimaldi*,' in his most majestic manner,

Laureate of blacklegs when he soars to rhyme ;  
 In prose, the paid apologist of crime !  
 Vers'd in the Newgate ballads' fustian tone,  
 His muse deals lovingly with rogues alone.

that his 'Coriolanus' was not in any way intended to rival—that establish'd favourite with the Public—his song of 'Hot Codlings.'

Alack, 'Vates!' we fear that it will yet be a long time before you possess 'a little wit, with which to sharpen a little common sense.' That is a combination of sweet savours in which you are never likely to rival 'Judex.'

'Vates' (for I am obliged to dissect his letter) now gives us a wonderful specimen of his talent for criticism, worded thus:—'If there were one thing which 'Judex' eschew'd,—intentionally or unintentionally I know not,—it was the adoption of 'style.' Now one naturally asks, 'What is style?' 'Vates' answers, 'Classicalities!' There's a word for you! and there, at last, is a definition! 'He,' ['Judex'] says 'Vates' was terse and blunt, and rejected all classic appendage and ornament.' I can assure 'Vates' that the introduction of sesquipedalian words like 'classicality' will render no man's style classical. Good Saxon English has a better right to that title than any 'Johnsonian' trash that was ever fabricated. To use a word in its classic signification, is to use it in the sense in which the best authors that have written in a language have us'd it; it matters not what language that may be—High Dutch if you like. 'Vates,' after taking leave of his adversary in the remarkable words—'And now for an eternal adieu to 'John Davis' the Gent, and his tri-sixpenny work, pre-doom'd to trunks and butter'—breaks into verse. Now we shall see what sort of a hand 'Vates,' the declaimer against 'doggerel,' makes at turning a verse; for there is nothing like catching your Critic rhyming. Many a would-be 'Horace' and 'Boileau' are caught out at that trade, and find the business of 'fault-finding' preferable to that of fault-mending:—

'Shakespeare has said, that to preserve a man,  
 The only antidote to rot is tan ;  
 So 'Davis' scrawls and charges on the plea  
 His trash to sweeten through his 'tanners' three !'

Of one thing you may be sure, 'Vates!' viz.—'rotten as you are, you will exist for ever!' Such a wonderful tanning as you have had from 'John Davis' falls to the lot of few. You will exist (in mummy)

Of all turf-malefactors, only he  
 Feels 'Vates'' teeth who sins and brings no fee !  
 With them he lives, for them he writes and raves,  
 And, greater knave himself, excuses knaves.

See where he staggers forth '*bemuss'd*' with beer,  
 The Ring's ' stern satire buzzing in his ear !  
 The mocking crowd surround the jibb'ring wretch,  
 And tax his folly to its utmost stretch.  
 Trembling with spite he comes, and halts for breath,  
 And, like the scorpion, stings himself to death.

' D'ye think I've answer'd him ? d'ye think it good ?  
 It's not polite,—I hope it's understood !'

' Let's hope it is, indeed ; 'tis most express.  
 A libel's clear where nothing's left to guess.'

for ages to come, the astonishment of Nations that have as yet no name on the Map of the World.

To conclude. As 'John Davis' wishes, in taking leave of 'Vates,' to provide employment for that gentleman's leisure hours, he begs to bequeath him the task of explaining his own 'doggrel.' 'John Davis' has taken much trouble, and shown some research, in tracing the origin and progress of 'Vates.' He has it in his power to explain most things connected with that worthy ; but his writings are quite another thing ; he must explain them himself.

'*Bemuss'd*.' This expression will, no doubt, appear objectionable to 'Vates.' It may be as well, then, to confess at once that 'John Davis' has coin'd the word. It fills the mouth better than the '*bemus'd*' of Pope ; and it expresses that peculiar combination of drunkenness and imbecility which is 'Vates'' distinguishing mark. It may prove an addition to the English language, after all, rich as it is in 'topers' slang.'

'D'ye think he feels it?' 'That one cannot say.  
 But 'if' he sees, 'tis very like you may !'  
 Besides, your matter treats of every thing  
 Except the subject-matter of 'the Ring.'  
 From each position at a word you fly,  
 And daub with slander what you can't deny.  
 Your wit from Billingsgate, your sense your own,  
 Your grammar 'Cobbett's,' somewhat looser grown !  
 Who mocks at 'Vates' hates his Queen as well,  
 And is, so 'Vates' says, 'an infidel ;'  
 Who jests at usurers in leathern breeks,  
 Of cent per cent and bills dishonour'd speaks.  
 With other *dainty trash*—but I respect  
 The shield of alias which he dares reject.

Yet e'en the lowest of the touting thieves  
 That ever thumb'd the 'Advertiser's' leaves,  
 In 'Vates' 'most congenial slime to find  
 The filthy solace of a vulgar mind,

*'Dainty trash.'* As a sample of this article, take 'Vates'' attack upon 'Pegasus,' to whom I really must apologise for bringing him into the quarrel by being so unlucky as to praise him :—'The man alone who wish'd to curry favour with a 'Weekly Contemporary' by a laudation of their Prophet' (aye, there's the rub, 'Vates !'—'their Prophet !') 'could or would tell such lies direct of myself.'

Now is that a sequitur, 'Vates?' But I forgot—you deal in slander, not logic. 'Vates' has some difficulty in accounting for a violent attack upon 'John Davis' in 'Bell's Life,' 'John Davis' being all the time in that paper's pay; but, like Alexander, he cuts the Gordian knot thus,—

'Ye who in 'Bell's Life' honour would surpass,  
 Must mount their 'Pegasus,' a full-grown ass !'

'Vates,' man! your bile leads you into positive rudeness. You have so much slander on hand that you cannot help having a dash at

Sees the vast difference 'twixt the gold and foil—  
 The lies he writes, the truth he writes to soil.  
 His sober moments pitiably inane,  
 The drunken rest of his vile life insane,  
 How can 'discarded Vates,'—that's the name,—  
 Blush for his own impertinence and shame?

And here 'John Davis' owns 'twas hard to flog  
 With Russian knout 'Joe Muggins' faithful dog.  
 He was mistaken in that worthy tyke,  
 And wrong in treating the whole pack alike.  
 There's spirit in his bark; 'his howl's' not bad;  
 Nor does he, like the other dogs, run mad.

Adieu till next time, Prophets! Here at least,  
 In this 'Rejoinder,' may you find a feast.  
 Throughout there lurks no doubtful rhyme to shock  
 His ear who sung 'Belinda's ravish'd lock.'

'Pegasus,' although he is, or should be, as the lawyers say, completely out of the record. I am glad of it for one reason, however, for I shall perhaps have the benefit of his assistance. It is hard work for 'John Davis' to fight all the 'Prophets' at once, even with the Public on his side.

'Vates's' peroration is full of dignity, no doubt, but betrays a little too much irritability. And yet how innocent are his amusements! He thus describes himself and his occupation:—'For myself I can only add, that in 'the lapse' of years I never ventur'd to do more than guess at winners, as that I have been the first to laugh myself at the necessary imposture of 'cauldrons' and 'conjuring caps;' therefore all the shafts of ridicule at my presumption are pointless.' Come! come, Vates! This really won't do! A necessary imposture, indeed! It was no such thing. Your conjuring cap was a good, strong glass of brandy-and-water, in which there was no imposture, repeated until inspiration came on, and even afterwards.

Be warn'd in time ; make notable amends ;  
 Usurpers rarely come by quiet ends.  
 No more in you shall editors delight,  
 Nor lend their columns to indulge your spite ;  
 In you no more the custody be plac'd,  
 Of private judgment and of public taste ;  
 No more shall purpos'd lies and false reports  
 Shake true men's interest in ' the first of sports ;'  
 No more shall shameless partisans defend,  
 In spite of all we know, a ' touting friend,'  
 Nor welcome back in state the ' Turf Recluse,'  
 With *clean certificate* again turn'd loose.

'*Clean certificate.*' The practice of applying to the Jockey Club for a 'clean bill of health' has become very fashionable of late. Whether such a certificate will render the parties less infectious, or improve the sanitary condition of the Ring, is a grave question, which 'John Davis' declines to decide one way or the other.

In taking leave of 'Vates,' 'John Davis' presents him with an epitaph for inscription in Lewes churchyard. It embodies his own history, as written by himself in the 'Morning Advertiser,' Nov. 19, 1847, and is a choice sample of the doggrel which he most affects :—

#### EPITAPH.

'Here lies Harrison, whose father  
 Was a deputy-lieutenant—rather !  
 He himself, and no other,  
 Lies between his father and mother.  
 Pity 'tis that all of them  
 Subjects are for 'Doe Dem.'  
 Pity that alcohol and malt  
 Fill apace the family vault.'

'Vates' says, Nov. 19, 'Lucklessly for the Monmouth Street Pedigree, my Christian sire, with whom I liv'd to maturity in Sussex, was a Deputy-Lieutenant for the County for upwards of five-and-thirty years, and my 'equally Christian mother' has long been a tenant of 'the Family Vault' at Lewes.'

## A WORD TO THE READER AT PARTING.

Neither 'Vates' nor any other Prophet has offer'd to controvert the points of 'the Ring.' Knowing 'John Davis's' positions to be too strong, they have dealt in violent invective and personal abuse of a gentleman whom they consider to be 'John Davis' in disguise. After this fashion Pope was treated by the Dunces of his day, and after this fashion must the Satirist of any day expect to be treated. People will yell when broken on the wheel, either physically or morally.

It is worthy of remark that the Grub Street declaimers against 'Pope' would not allow him the gift of writing rhyme, sense, grammar, or English. Leaving his writings, they attack'd him next as a 'pigmy,' a 'Papist,' and a 'traitor.' Here the parallel holds good, too. Lord Maidstone is attack'd as 'John Davis' upon every imaginable ground but the real merits of the Satire. It is even imputed to him as a crime 'that he had a race-horse that did not win the Derby.' 'John Davis' has no doubt that his Lordship wishes 'Tom Tulloch' had been better, and for nobody's sake more than his own. The rest of the libels against Lord Maidstone are too gross and scurrilous for notice; besides, it is not 'John Davis's' province to answer them. He has already enough to do. All the daily papers and all the 'Sunday prints' let loose upon one author, are as formidable as 'Horne Tooke's Tragedy, Comedy, and Farce;' but as we do not read that 'the poor Parson' declin'd the contest, so neither will the Satirist discontinue to reprove 'Vates' and all 'Ephemerals' who make Newspapers subservient to interested purposes.



## Qui Tam.

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1843.

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‘Ecce iterum Crispinus.’—‘*The Ring*’ again.

**T**HERE was ‘a man of law,’ and to ‘a man of straw’  
 With professional impertinence he said, said, said;  
 The summer it is gone, the winter’s coming on,  
 Then how shall you and I get our bread, bread, bread?

So this worthy pair began to search ‘the Acts of Anne;’  
 A terrible old woman that declares, clares, clares,—  
 That beyond all contradiction, on a gambling conviction,  
 Th’ informer and the parish shall go shares, shares, shares.

Then ‘the man of law’ arose with a finger on his nose,  
 And ‘the man of straw’ he wink’d his left peeper, peeper, peeper;  
 And they both of them agreed, ’twas impossible, indeed,  
 To winter it much pleasanter, or cheaper, cheaper, cheaper.

‘Twill find us in the chief of Christmas fare, roast beef!  
 And fill a purse as quick as the ‘Repale,’ ‘pale,’ ‘pale;’  
 We’ll have turkey! says the ‘law;’ and chine, rejoins the ‘straw;’  
 And Dublin stout, and Hodgson’s bitter ale, ale, ale.’

Then they set to work directly, and copied out correctly,  
Five hundred separate actions of '*Qui Tam*,' '*tam*,' '*tam*.'  
And here I must remark, that if you're not in the dark  
On the nature of such processes, I am, am, am !

And they sent them far and wide, and would not be denied ;  
They scatter'd them through all the fright'n'd land, land, land ;  
Like Britannia on the top of a postage envelope,  
Delivering the notes with her own hand, hand, hand.

Then fear possess'd the bettors who receiv'd the scoundrels' letters,  
And the leaders of the Turf were in a fluster, fluster, fluster.  
Influentials were attack'd, and knew not how to act,  
And some began to croak and some to bluster, bluster, bluster.

And the end of this will be, that they'll summon you and me !  
For 'the Law' is never tir'd of such fun, fun, fun ;  
And unless the Commons' House, 'Lord George,' and 'Captain Rous,'  
Deliver us from juries, we are done ! done ! done !

## The Lay of the Money-Lenders.

ADAPTED FROM THE RIGHT HONBLE. THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

---

1843.

---

'CAPTAIN ARMSTRONG,' of London,  
 By 'Deuce' and 'Ace' he swore  
*'Josh Anderson the Singer'*  
 Should suffer wrong no more !  
 By 'Deuce' and 'Ace' he swore it,—  
 And nam'd a borrowing day,  
 And bade his notes of hand go forth,  
 East and West and South and North,  
 With promises to pay.

East and West and South and North  
 His notes of hand flit fast.  
 Oh, may they prove more payable  
 Than 'Captain Armstrong's' last !

---

*'Captain Armstrong.'* The 'Man in the street' is (in racing parlance) the gentleman who lets out the 'stable secrets,' and 'Captain Armstrong' pulls up the horses that are not meant to win.

*'Josh Anderson the Singer.'* This worthy was a bully of the first water. He was a good singer, but a great rogue. At one time he was worth some money, and gave himself great airs ; but he soon lost it again, as most of his sort do.

Shame on the false '*Stiff-Merchant*'  
 Who keeps his cash in cases,  
 When '*Anderson the Singer*'  
 Would go to Goodwood Races !

The Jews in cabs and '*Hansoms*'  
 Are pouring in amain,  
 From many a cut-throat alley,  
 And many a gloomy lane ;  
 From many a seedy villa  
 Where, veil'd by poplars green,  
 And clipp'd elm-trees, and dusty blinds,  
*The 'Parties'* may be seen.

From lordly Convent Garden  
 Where scowls the far-fam'd hold,  
 Built by the hands of '*puffers*'  
 For '*red-nos'd Robins*' old.  
 From Stratford Place where '*Beavan*' cheats,  
 To Henrietta Street,  
 Where '*Ford's*' ill-favour'd pleasantries  
 His needy clients greet.

'*Stiff-Merchant.*' The slang name for those benefactors of their species whose business it is to lend money upon usurious interest to young gentlemen that have expectations.

'*The Parties.*' They are the real Simon Pures who advance the money which the amiable Stiff-merchant places out according to his information, or taste for speculation. They are generally represented as inexorable when the cow has been nearly milk'd dry. Before this, they are talk'd of in the light of benevolent, and sometimes even as poor creatures, sent into the world without much power of protecting themselves. In fact, they are usually '*dummies*,' whose strings the

From the proud bridge of London,  
Where one-ey'd Smith resides,  
From 'Savile Row,' where 'Whitehead' sits,  
And many a den besides ;  
From Threadneedle's ill-omen'd street,  
Where, cram'd with fat and gall,  
Sits hoary-headed 'Theobald,'  
The greatest screw of all,

There be thirty griping Shylocks,  
The wisest, leariest Jews,  
And yet to 'Captain Armstrong'  
They cannot cash refuse.  
And with one voice the thirty  
Have the glad answer given,—  
'Go forth now, 'Captain Armstrong !'  
Go forth, belov'd of Heaven !  
And take our mutual purse  
To Goodwood Downs and win,  
By hook, and crook, and knavery,  
And poison'd pills the tin !'

---

usurers pull according as it suits their book. There is nothing that the Stiff-merchant has such a horror of as appearing harsh to a client out of whom anything may yet be made. Hence the important part play'd by the 'parties' in all 'usurious transactions.' To listen to the usurer himself, one would suppose that the only regret he ever allows himself to feel, arises from the fact that his own circumstances will not permit him to advance the money *without interest* ; but these, and the grasping nature of the 'parties,' rarely admit of a blow being struck under sixty per cent.

Now from the Downs at Goodwood  
 Could the wan trainers spy  
 The lines of strong 'levanters,'  
 And 'nobblers' drawing nigh;  
 And great '*John Scott*' of Malton  
 Sat up all night and day,  
 For every hour policemen brought  
 Fresh tidings of dismay.

There was 'Ratcliffe,' straight from Birmingham,  
 Lord of the 'Pig and Whistle';  
 'Whitfield,' who polted Cotherstone,  
 And 'Wood' came on 'full chisel.'  
 But when the face of 'Anderson'  
 Was seen among the foes,  
 A yell which rent the firmament  
 From all 'the Ring' arose;  
 And not a man amongst them all  
 But spat at him, and hiss'd,  
 And '*Harry Hill*' grinn'd prettily,  
 And 'Gully' shook his fist.

Then out spoke brave '*Horatius*,'  
 The Captain of the Gate,—  
 'To every better in this ring  
 Loss cometh soon or late;

'*John Scott*' of Malton. The greatest trainer of his day, or perhaps any other.

'*Harry Hill*.' For many years at the top of the betting profession.

'*Horatius*.' Lord George Cavendish Bentinck, second son of William, fourth Duke of Portland..

Then how can man do better  
 Than kick 'Levanters' out,  
 And warn off every nobbler,  
 And nobble every tout?

Shut up the stand, ye Jockey Club,  
 To all who will not pay!  
 I, with the Stewards to help me,  
 Will keep the rogues at bay.  
 By my strait rules a thousand  
 May well be stopped by three;  
 So that each course in England  
 To follow them agree.'

The Stewards said,—'Brave Horatius!  
 As thou say'st so let it be!'  
 And straight against that great array  
 Forth went the dauntless three.  
 For Stewards in the brave days of old  
 Spar'd neither time nor trouble  
 To cleanse 'the Ring,' and trounce the rogues  
 Who try the 'double-double.'

Stout *Lartius* hurl'd *one* Weatherby  
 Into the stream beneath;  
*Herminius* smote 'Assassin Smith,'  
 And clove him to the teeth.

---

'*Stout Lartius.*' The Earl of Verulam, Steward in that year of Goodwood Races.

'*Herminius.*' The Duke of Richmond, Proprietor of Race-course, and Perpetual Steward.

At 'Whitfield' brave Horatius  
 Darted one fiery thrust,  
 And the Levanter's betting-book  
 Lay rolling in the dust.

But hark, the cry is 'Anderson !'  
 And lo, the ranks divide,  
 And the great scoundrel swaggers forth  
 And apes a stately stride.  
 Quoth he, 'The rules at Goodwood  
 In truth sound mighty grand :  
 But will ye dare to follow  
 If I invade the Stand ?'

Then, turning to 'Horatius,'  
 He truculently swore,—  
 'If I had twenty thousand pounds,  
 And twenty thousand more,  
 In brand-new notes, Exchequer bills,  
 Rouleaux, or cheques, alive, or  
 Dead, or asleep, or sane, or craz'd,  
 You ne'er should touch a stiver !'

He reel'd, and on stout '*Lartius*'  
 He lean'd near half a minute,—  
 'Good God !' said he, 'if gold's not paid,  
 Where is the use to win it ?'  
 Then, turning sharp on 'Anderson,'  
 He warn'd him off the course,  
 And bade policemen after that  
 Expel the rogue by force.



And the great scoundrel, 'Anderson,'  
 Fell at that deadly stroke,  
 As falls in sweet St. Giles's  
 An over-driven 'moke.'  
 Prone on the greasy pavement  
 His failing limbs are spread,  
 And the pale Irish, gathering round,  
 Lick him about the head.

And in the nights of winter,  
 When the strong north winds blow,  
 And the long howling of the 'Legs'  
 Is heard amidst the snow ;  
 When round the gloomy 'Corner'  
 Roars loud the tempest din,  
 And the stout voice of 'Tattersall'  
 Roars louder yet within ;

When the oldest rogues are busy,  
 And the oldest tricks are play'd ;  
 When the safest nags are pepper'd  
 And their backers stand afraid ;  
 When knaves and fools in circle  
 Around the bettors close,  
 And the 'men of straw' are blustering,  
 And 'the Legs' are shaping 'Goes ;'

'*The stout voice of Tattersall.*' Richard Tattersall, a man universally respected, and the possessor of a most powerful voice.

'*Goes.*' In the language of the Ring, a robbery is call'd a 'go,' and a great many of them there are in the course of a year ; though think not so many as there us'd to be.

With fear and trepidation  
Still is the story told,  
How brave 'Horatius' kept the Ring  
In the brave days of old.

## The Life and Adventures of 'Caræbus,'

RACE-HORSE TO C. C. GREVILLE, CLERK OF THE COUNCIL,  
OTHERWISE 'GRUNCHER GRUEL, Esq<sup>re</sup>'

---

JULY, 1851.

---

MR. GREVILLE one day to 'Worley' did say,  
As he lighted at Bushey from the 'Bus,'—  
'Jamaica,' my friend, to 'Venison' I'll send,  
And christen the produce '*Caræbus* !'

### *Chorus.*

Oh ! this wonderful racer !  
Wonderful, blunderful, racer !  
Back him you lose shirt, breeches, and shoes,  
Bet against him, he gives you a facer.

---

'*Caræbus*.' The horse's real name was 'Cariboo,' but he was early treated to a nick-name.

To Ascot he went, on winning intent,  
 But his backers remarkably slow were ;  
 When he came by ' Judge Clark,' my eyes ! what a lark !  
 He was first, and the others were nowhere.

*Chorus.*

To the ' Houghton ' next bound, for many a pound  
 They back'd the ' Caræbus ' of ' Dilly ;'  
 When the ' Glasgow ' was run, it was ' Epirote ' won !  
 And ' Dilly's ' supporters look'd silly.

*Chorus.*

Oh, this jolly ' Caræbus !'  
 Jolly impostor, ' Caræbus !'  
 Call him ' a crack !' why against him I'll back  
 A mule, or a pony from ' Jebus.'

' Longinus ' next year made ' Caræbus ' look queer,  
 By ' Nutshell ' defeated soon after,  
 Which presently makes in the ' Newmarket Stakes '  
 A mess that will kill you with laughter.

*Chorus.*

For look you, the Lord of our racer  
 Gave up his ' Elnathan ' they say, Sir !  
 When Fortune turn'd cruel to ' Nutshell ' and ' Gruel,'  
 And again 'twas ' Caræbus's ' day, Sir !

*Chorus.*

' Dilly.' ' Montgomery Dilly,' at that time Mr. Greville's trainer.  
 ' Elnathan.' ' Nat,' the celebrated jockey's real name, was ' Elnathan Flatman.'

At 'Stockbridge' a pot, likewise at 'Ascot,'  
I pass his defeat and his winnings;  
And at once push him up to the Goodwood gold cup,  
Where he miss'd a most wonderful innings.

*Chorus.*

Oh, Caræbus! you stunner!  
Wonderful, blunderful stunner!  
Back you, we lose shirt, breeches, and shoes;  
Bet against you—you give us a 'one-er.'

A very stout jaw-man, call'd 'Stanley' the Norman,  
Cried—'Dash it! 'Caræbus' can't win, Sir.  
I'll stand something stunning if you'll make the running.  
We've a pot, if you like to be in, Sir.'

*Chorus.*

Oh, these pots for the Summer!  
Never were things manag'd 'rummer.'  
Back 'em you lose shirt, breeches, and shoes;  
Bet against 'em and you'll get a 'nummer.'

Though *water'd before* he started at score,  
And led them a dance up the hill, Sir!  
And in spite of the pail, his lead didn't fail  
Till all but 'Canezou' had stood still, Sir!

*Chorus.*

---

'Stanley the Norman. Afterwards the great Lord Derby. He won the cup with Canezou in 1849.

*Water'd before.* This was literally true. The horse had already won a race, and had drunk a pail of water, when he was sent back again

The features of 'Gruel' were lengthen'd most cruel,  
 He dropp'd his chin lower and lower,  
 And he cried in despair, as he tore his short hair,—  
 'Oh, my horse! oh, that Canezou! blow her!'

*Chorus.*

'Blow all this making of running,  
 'Tis a yoke that I see little fun in!  
 'Tis the Deuce, I declare! oh! confound that vile mare!  
 What a canter 'Caræbus' *had* won in!'

That evening each soul o'er the jolly brown bowl  
 Discuss'd these misfortunes with banter;  
 And 'Stanley' did say, in his innocent way,—  
 'Why, Greville! you'd won in a canter!'

*Chorus.*

But until 'fifty-one' we never were done—  
 To the tinder, we all have been now, Sir!  
 Best shut the brute up! why, for this 'Goodwood Cup,'  
 He gallop'd and look'd like a cow, Sir!

*Chorus.*

Oh, impostor Caræbus! 'Greville's' impostor 'Caræbus!'  
 Call you a crack? why against you I'll back  
 A mule, or a pony from 'Jebus!'

---

from his stable to make the running for 'Canezou.' This he did so effectually, that it look'd at the distance as if he could have beaten her too, had he been allow'd to do so. Hence the jokes at Mr. Greville's expense, by no one inflicted more mercilessly than by 'Edward Geoffrey Lord Stanley,' who profited by the mishap.

You brute of the colour of guano,

When you're back'd to be forte, you're piano !

Had you never been born, you disgrace to good corn !

We'd be richer by far than we are now.

*Chorus.*

Thus ends the life of 'Caræbus,'

Greville's impostor, 'Caræbus !'

That wonderful racer, that gave us a facer

So often—*in illis diebus !*

‘Well, here we are again!’

---

ABOUT 1851.

---

THE race is run, the favourite's beat !  
 And Greville says to Payne,  
 With face at least a cloth-yard long,  
 ‘Well, here we are again !’

‘And now I take my Bible oath,  
 That Job himself had sworn,  
 If he had train'd at ‘Littleton,’  
 And borne what we have borne.

‘For as the rottenest of eggs  
 Look wholesome till they're crack'd,  
 So ‘Dilly's’ trials please us well,  
 Until the nags are back'd.

‘But when the money's on we find  
 The odds receding surely ;  
 While both the brothers ‘Dilly’  
 Are looking on demurely.

---

‘Well, here we are again!’ At one time Mr. Greville, who could not stand a run of bad luck, was, after each disaster, in the habit of taking Mr. George Payne on one side, and commencing with, ‘Well, George, here we are again !’



'And when we come to settle,  
'Tis really most provoking;  
We sit and pay, and pay and sit,  
While 'Legs' are well-nigh choking.

'There's Cariboo! who's 'ins' and 'outs'  
Are there for every *scribbler*;  
There's 'Desdemona' thrown away;  
And now, by Jove, there's 'Hybla!'

'Indeed, 'tis come to such a pass,  
That, much against my will,  
I'll have to call in everything  
*I may have owing still*.'

'Pooh! nonsense, Charles! cheer up!' says Payne,  
'What is the use of fretting?  
While you stand here and groan, we lose  
The cream of all the betting.'

---

'*Scribbler*.' I believe Mr. Greville to have had some inkling of my lines on 'The Life and Adventures of Caræbus.'

'*Owing still*.' This alluded to a few hundreds that he had advanc'd for the moment to his friend and confederate.

## The Derby for 1861.

---

**'DUNDEE'** has run too often,  
 In the year gone by and past,  
 And his two-year-old career of fame  
 Methinks will hardly last.  
 So, 'Merry,' for this Derby  
 Be content with 'No. Three ;'  
 For I think you'll get no nearer  
 With your favourite 'Dundee !'

Mr. 'Henry,' you've the great knack  
 (I wish I were as clever)  
 Of having your well-beaten horse  
 At shorter odds than ever !  
 When 'Klarikoff' comes rolling in  
 They'll tell another tale !  
 'Twas poison at Newmarket ;—  
 At Epsom try the pail !

'Kildonan's' legs are very long,  
 The ground is very hard,  
 And he will gallop airily  
 When other nags are jarr'd.  
 Yet he is but a chance-horse,  
 And must not look to win  
 The Derby Stakes at Epsom,  
 With 'Diophantus' in !

Mr. 'Thomas's' 'Dictator,'  
Who lately made a bolt,  
Is—what I've heard the 'knowing' call—  
    'A strong and useful colt !'  
Which means, in racing parlance,  
    That he's strong enough to carry  
Whatever's laid against him,—  
    By Jack, and Tom, and Harry.

If outward points could make a horse,  
    Or plausible slow paces,  
Why, here's a son of Rataplan  
    Might win a score of races !  
But wake him up ! and let him go !  
    And then ask all beholders  
If Colonel Townley's 'Kettledrum'  
    Don't pitch upon his shoulders ?

Next comes 'a dark one,' hot indeed ;  
    But many such I've seen  
Much fish'd with by the 'knowing ones,'  
    To catch the young and green.  
'Coldrenick' was a nice one ;  
    'Nil Desperandum,' too ;  
So I cannot think that 'Royal-Lieu'  
    To win this race will do.

Well ! private information's wrong !  
    And telegrams are vain,  
And coughs are cur'd by magic !  
    'Rouge Dragon's' come again !

'Rouge Dragon' and Sir Joseph,  
Both eager for the fray;  
But I cannot think that Wednesday  
Will be 'Rouge Dragon's' day.

O'er 'Neighbour' and 'Imäus,'  
'Russley,' and 'Atherstone,'  
'Furelian,' and 'King of Kent,'  
And 'Drake,' their backers groan.  
'Imäus' was a race-horse once;  
But all combin'd must be,  
Condition, health, and soundness,  
Or the Judge he'll never see.'

Then come forth 'Diophantus,'  
As come forth soon you will,  
From the ruck of beaten horses,  
At the tell-tale distance-hill.  
The blood of old 'Emilius'  
And 'Vulture' well agreed,  
Is good enough for me to stand,  
For breeding, strength, and speed!

---

Kettledrum won.

## The Doncaster Cup for 1861.

---

**S**HALL his laurels fade upon him,  
 Or shall another Cup  
 Be blazon'd with the Wizard's name  
 When 'Nicoll's' self doth sup?  
 'He's a peacock!' scream his enemies,—  
 'A peacock! No! he's not!'  
 'He's better than 'Old Bee'swing!'  
 Shriek the followers of Scott.

So 'this lot' laid against him,  
 And 'that lot' back'd him free,  
 Till from 'six to four' he settled down  
 At the 'even good money.'  
 For Colonel Towneley's 'Kettledrum'  
 In Derby pride was there,  
 And 'Avalanche,' and 'Rising Sun,'  
 And Saxon's famous mare.

And 'chaff' fell thick as hail-stones  
 When summer storms descend;  
 The Ring was Master 'Wizard's' foe,  
 The gentleman his friend.  
 And some remarks which then I heard  
 Were just a little coarse;  
 And some of the chief betting men  
 Wax'd just a little hoarse.

The Prophets in a body,  
 That very thread-bare crew,  
 Had not recover'd from the kick  
 They got from '*Caller Ou.*'  
 The Doctors had prescrib'd them all  
 Spare diet for a week,  
 A daily dose of modesty,  
 With very little 'cheek.'

'Twas a noble sight to witness,  
 A glorious scene and grand ;  
 And where shall we look for it  
 In any other land ?  
 The best of horses met at last  
 To fight it out that day,  
 And fifty thousand 'Yorkshire tykes'  
 To watch the glorious fray.

'Tis Honour brings them to the field !  
 No fatal 'byes' are there,  
 The play is all 'above the board,'  
 And all 'upon the square !'  
 And though the crowd, like Noah's ark,  
 Include a motley pack,  
 With *musket and with bayonet*  
 None seek to keep them back.

'*The kick they got from 'Caller Ou.'*' When '*Caller Ou*' won the Leger, there was not a man among the Prophets who even condescended to mention her name as the possible winner.

'*With musket and with bayonet.*' Up to this date the French Race-courses were kept by soldiers.

A score or two of 'Peelers,' fed  
On Corporation beef,  
In number'd collars, and loose belts  
To give them more relief,  
Keep order among dogs, and men,  
And maids in all their charms,—  
Excepting some young vagabonds  
That duck beneath their arms.

And first, as in the betting,  
Behold 'the Wizard' come !  
A moment all look up to gaze ;—  
Then follows 'Kettledrum.'  
With pitching action—stiff, but strong ;—  
Few thought of him that day !  
'Brown Duchess' went like any bird,  
The talk was,—'Will she stay?'

The course is clear'd, the bell has rung !  
'A false start ! No ! they're off !'  
Each eye is strain'd, each tongue unstrung,  
And hush'd is every cough !  
Lords, Legs, and Ladies, Flats and Sharps,  
To strong excitement yield ;  
Excepting an industrious few  
That still roar out—'The Field !'

A rush !—a sound of horses' feet !  
And, thundering past, they come !  
'York Minster' leads, with 'Rising Sun'  
Laid up, and 'Kettledrum.'

While pulling in the distance,  
 And much too far behind,  
 The 'Wizard' and 'Brown Duchess' wait  
 In one mistaken mind.

The Corner's turn'd—'York Minster's' beat!  
 And 'Kettledrum' takes up  
 A steady and commanding lead,  
 And races for the 'Cup.'  
 Go on! go on, proud 'Wizard!'  
 Lie up, 'Brown Duchess,' soon!  
 For 'Kettledrum,' once on his legs,  
 Will stay a *Harvest Moon*.

And now they pass 'the Scarlet House'  
 That tells so many tales,  
 And sends so many travellers  
 To Palestine and Wales.  
 He keeps his lead with 'Rising Sun';  
 And now a hum begins  
 Of—'How much against 'Kettledrum?'  
 He wins! he wins! he wins!

In vain 'the Wizard's' jockey strives  
 To take the foremost place;  
 The peacock heart within him fails,—  
 And he declines the race!

---

'*Stay a Harvest Moon.*' The old-fashion'd trainers were very fond of this expression. 'Stay, Sir! why, he'll stay for a Moon!' And so he did, but it was usually behind.



'The Field' is beaten !—all but one—  
And she's too far behind,  
Unless she borrow wings, forsooth,  
And far outstrip the wind !

But see, she comes ! there's almost time  
With such a pace as hers,  
And such a stout and lion heart  
As in her bosom stirs !  
He's caught ! The Derby winner's caught !  
He could not well be beat !  
Her number's up beside his own,  
And the Cup is—a dead heat !

And when a Derby Winner next,  
On Doncaster's fair plain,  
Meets with the Winner of the Oaks,  
And the struggle comes again;  
Where Honour calls to doughty deeds,  
And health and hope agree  
To make their friends back each to win,  
May I be there to see !

---

The dead heat was not run off. Colonel Towneley kept the Cup,  
and gave Mr. Saxon the half of its value, one hundred and fifty pounds.

## The Chester Cup for 1862.

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### COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

---

*Examiner.*—'What is the meaning of the word 'to nobble?''

*Candidate.*—''To nobble' is to make arrangements before the race, which ensure a result independent of the merits of the horses.'

*Examiner.*—'Pass, Mr. Napoleon Jones!'

COME, let us go to Chester, where  
 So many 'rigs' are play'd,  
 And visit the head-quarters  
 Of the needy 'nobbling trade'  
 Where nags are 'squar'd' on principles  
 That very seldom fail,  
 Till the Public's grown so wary,  
 It declines to fill the pail.

I remember, I remember,  
 In the glorious days of old,  
 A book upon the Chester Cup  
 Was worth a heap gold !  
 They back'd anything, and everything,  
 With chance however frail,—  
 Now the Public's grown so wary,  
 It declines to fill the pail.

I remember, I remember,  
At what long shots they back'd  
'Red Hart,' and 'Old Coranna,'  
'Joe Miller,' and 'One Act;'  
While they milk'd the winter favourites,  
Each dead as a door-nail,—  
Now the Public's grown so wary,  
It declines to fill the pail.

Those grand old days of Chester,  
Like meteors now they rise,  
And conjure up in 'knowing souls'  
Regretful memories;  
Ere the Public tuck'd in sulkily  
Its much-bewilder'd tail,  
And turn'd so very skittish,  
And overset the pail.

For now it keeps its money  
Till the nags have all been tried,  
And something more than guess-work  
Is on the bettor's side.  
Well! isn't this disgraceful,  
And enough to make one rail?  
But thank yourselves, ye greedy ones!  
That overdid the pail.

'Stampedo' is a great horse,  
But greater he must be  
If he manage with his nine stone one  
The Judges' eye to see!

'Brown Duchess' and poor 'Caller Ou,'  
 If they could tell the tale,  
 Have given in their modicum,  
 And help'd to fill the pail.

'Fairwater' might be dangerous,  
 With eight stone on her back ;  
 But she will not beat 'Sappho,'  
 'Silkstone,' or 'Zodiac.'  
 Were 'Wild Rose' in her Warwick form,  
 And all right as the mail,  
 I'd milk each favourite myself,  
 And fill my household pail.

'Tim Whiffler's' over-weighted !—  
 And (unless he be his best)  
 James Merry's not about to find  
 A fortune in his 'Vest !'  
 'Caractacus' will gallop on,  
 Like leaf before the gale ;  
 But was there not a moment  
 When they got him in the pail ?

'*Tim Whiffler's over-weighted.*' In spite of his weight, however, he made all the running, and won very easily.

'*Caractacus.*' This horse ran well in front for a mile and a half, and afterwards won the Derby without a struggle.

Had 'Tim Whiffler' been engag'd in the Derby and St. Leger, he would have won them both (as far as one can judge) with consummate ease.

'Sappho' will draw up to the front  
About the 'Castle pole ;'  
But those who pepper 'Silkstone'  
May have to post the coal.  
To 'Hadji's' health or 'Brighton's' fame  
No 'touts' shall guzzle ale !  
And the rest are scarcely good enough  
To help to fill the pail.

But of one thing I am certain,—  
The 'favourite on the day'  
(As usual in the Chester Cup)  
The foremost part will play :  
'Twill be 'Zodiac,' or 'Silkstone,'  
Whose parties seldom fail,  
When they set to work in earnest  
To carry home the pail.

## The Derby for 1862.

---

OF all the various Derbies  
 That ever I did see,  
 From the win of 'Little Wonder'  
 To the break-down of 'Dundee,'  
 The varyingest, and bettingest,  
 And nobblingest by far,  
 Is this in which they've potted  
 That good horse, 'Calabar.'

Confusion seize the pencils  
 That wrote him to his tomb !  
 May gangrene gnaw their fingers,  
 And the gallows be their doom !  
 In the hungry months of winter,  
 How steadily they plied  
 The long array of figures  
 With safety on their side !

His merits were the tempting bait,  
 His triumphs were the lure ;  
 And they work'd away in silence,  
 For all they did was sure.  
 'Tis thus, in small establishments,  
 To ply their tricks they're able.  
 If I must stand a favourite,  
 Give me a public stable !

Since, then, they've 'cooper'd' Calabar,  
Come, let us look about,  
And try among the rest of them  
To pick the winner out.  
Of fully twelve-score horses,  
At most but thirty-five  
(And two-thirds of these are duffers),  
To-day remain alive.

The 'Marquis' is invincible ;  
A gallant horse is he !  
Not large, but without lumber,  
And full of quality :  
He'll come with all his prestige,  
And the whole stable's force  
Of Scott, the greatest master  
That ever train'd a horse.

Next comes mysterious 'Buckstone,'—  
I guess that we shall find  
'Tis money's made him what he is,  
And blind have led the blind.  
The 'touts' may call him steam-engine,  
But I have yet to learn  
That a 'Voltigeur' is ripe before  
The leaves begin to turn.

'Neptunus' has been creeping up  
With slow and stealthy pace,  
And 'twixt him and the 'Marquis,'  
I fancy, lies the race.

His owner's on ! the party's sweet !  
And, judging from the past,  
He comes—as comes a winner—  
Strong as brandy at the last !

The 'Stockwell colt's' a race-horse,  
Though rather coarsely fram'd ;  
And, not to be impertinent,  
I wish that he were nam'd.  
'Zetland's' a plater, and will make  
A host of 'greenhorns' sore ;  
For 'Nottingham' will beat him,  
As he beat him once before.

Alack ! alack for 'Caterer !'  
In the last hour broke down ;  
If 'Ensign' now should fail them,  
Woe to Newmarket's town !  
He's the last hope of all the nags  
They boasted in the spring ;  
One's cooper'd, one broke down, and one  
Will hardly break 'the Ring.'

Oh, get thee to the Stand's top  
And look out, Sister Anne,  
Through the largest sort of telescope,  
And tell me,—if you can,  
At 'Tattenham's fatal corner'  
In the first flight discern  
The cherry red of 'Argonaut,'  
Or the white sleeves of 'Tolurn ?'



And if they're all behindhand,  
As I've no doubt they be,  
Look out for 'Ellangowan'  
That once belong'd to me!  
I see him there with 'Malek,'  
'Clarissa,' and the 'Knave.'  
While enemies shout out—'They're beat!'  
And friends look glum and grave.

But yet in case more hopeless,  
And greater grief, appear  
'Schehallion,' 'Spite,' and 'Warminster,'  
Still further in the rear.  
Of thirty horses, twenty-seven  
Shut up, and try no more;  
While the hum that late in accents broke  
Now swells into a roar.

Ye gods! they're here! and neck and neck,  
As ridden by 'Old Scratch,'  
'Neptunus' and 'The Marquis' come;—  
The Derby seems a match.  
But, mending from the distance see  
A *dark horse* sloping in;  
And 'Nottingham' and Alfred Day  
Have collar'd all the tin.

---

'*A dark horse.*' The dark horse was, in fact, 'Caractacus,' not 'Nottingham.' I debated with myself which of the two I should serve as winner, and, unfortunately, selected 'Nottingham,' which spoil'd the prophecy, in other respects a remarkable one.

## The Derby for 1863.

---

**W**HEN, in the days of old, your Grecian 'bloods'  
 Woo'd fame and high renown by keeping studs,  
 And not as now, for thirst of vulgar gains,  
 But olive crowns, met on Olympia's plains,  
 They drove their chariots at a killing pace,  
 And without casualties none cared to race;  
 Strew'd o'er the course the luckless losers lay,  
 And *Pindar* was 'the Argus' of that day—  
 'Our own reporter' with a scale of fees,  
 At whose bureau you purchas'd what you please.  
 'No fee, no puff.' Half price—'praise only horse.'  
 Full price—'Dish owner up with friendly sauce!'  
 'Full price, and present, with the run of table—  
 Butter horse, man, and everything you're able.'

Yet in those days, as these, it took some skill  
 To win a race without a well-lin'd till.  
 And though we're told that ancient chariot-racers  
 Got more of real than sentimental 'facers,'

---

*'Pindar was 'the Argus' of that day.'* Incredible as it sounds, Argus, the libellist and dispenser of praise for a consideration, was so nettled by this comparison that he brought a criminal information against me, and applied to the Judges to support him. As might be expected, they naturally show'd him the door of the Court; but Mr. 'Justice Crompton' improved the occasion by saying, that 'if a criminal information could be issued for bad verses, nobody would be more liable than John Davis.'

'Tis clear from all we know that weighty purse  
 On any turf was ever Fortune's nurse.  
 To win a fading wreath folk then fill'd stalls,  
 And look'd to honour, not to 'Tattersall's.'  
 For not as yet had baneful handicapping  
 Caught 'Legs' asleep and 'Admirals' a-napping,  
 And rais'd in roguish breasts proportion'd gladness  
 To current rumour of their horse's badness.  
 Now, in these piping times, when 'Plutus' reigns  
 Supreme alike o'er cities and o'er plains,  
 When 'duffing' handicaps of half-mile races  
 Enrich collusive clerks of Country Races,  
 One race alone stands forth sublime to view,  
 The crown of Glory and of Money too—  
 The 'Turf's Blue Riband,' yearly given away  
 By Madam Fortune on the Derby Day.

Ah me! how oft does one capricious slip  
 Dash the full beaker from the Sportsman's lip,  
 Convey his hopes by sleight of hand away!—  
 Jest of an hour, and puppet of a day!  
 Behold him reeling through each phase of woe!  
 He swears 'It is a robbery!' a 'go!'  
 By Heavens it cannot be, unless some knave ——!'  
 And yet it is! and therefore he looks grave.  
 Poor human nature! everything's to blame  
 But our own selves whene'er we lose the game.  
 The world meanwhile jogs on with unconcern;  
 'Twas yours! 'tis his! 'twill be another's turn!'  
 'Unfeeling pack!' he cries, with frenzied force,—  
 'Did you but know how well I lov'd that horse!'

How, day by day, I've watch'd him from a foal,—  
'Best of his year,'—till now so near the goal  
'Nobbled' he falls,—while thousand pounds to eight  
(Offer'd in vain) proclaim the knell of Fate,  
You'd join with me to 'lynch' the rascal set  
Who make nags safe, and coin whene'er they bet.'

Again our English Carnival returns  
When horses meet, and Parliament adjourns.  
When even Bishops, o'er their egg and toast,  
Cast stealthy glances at the 'Morning Post,'  
To see how 'Argus' in his letter deals  
With the great question everybody feels.  
When City clerks loose off their yearly wit,  
And fifty cockneys in one waggon sit;  
When jokes fly round which are not over-nice,  
And 'gooseberry' commands the highest price;  
Since every one who can makes holiday,—  
I'll spoil a 'five-pound note' and see the play!

A Hansom cabman (cheap at three pounds three),  
With rose in button-hole, takes charge of me;  
And does the coaching, and throws in 'the chaff,'  
While I, cigar in mouth, sit still and laugh.  
Arriv'd at Epsom, by good chance I meet  
That knowing hand, the 'wise man in the street.'  
'Step here!' say I; and while, at my behest,  
Of 'British Moet' they uncork the best,  
'Sum up, in pithy words, the horses' chances,  
And tell me—Is this Derby ours, or France's?'  
'France's?' Oh no! his 'understandings' bar,  
Swift though he be, the chance of 'Hospodar!'

Gallop'd to death he feels the stony ground,  
 And 'tis at least six weeks since he was sound.'  
 'Of 'Clifden' what? the public favourite?'  
 'I think the betting shows that he's all right;  
 And Fortune ought to smile upon the bold  
 Who give 'six thousand' for a two-year-old!  
 But 'oughts' in racing are an unknown thing!  
 Else, should we have to mourn a broken 'Ring!'  
 'Now 'rede my rede' aright! and tell me true,  
 Will Mr. Naylor's 'Macaroni' do?'  
 'Faith! there you tax me to the height of art!  
 For 'Carnival' was good, and he don't start;  
 And 'Saccharometer' could fly last year;  
 Though, in the market, he just now go queer!  
 But yet, their places may be soon revers'd,  
 And the 'Two Thousand winner' prove the worst.'  
 'Gillie,' 'Tom Fool,' and 'Ranger?'

'Smartish nags!

But such as will not fill the Derby bags!  
 Let 'Mr. William' tell us what he may,  
 'A Tadmor' never yet was known to stay!  
 'Baldwin,' 'Blue-mantle,' 'Stockman,' 'Golden Pledge?'  
 'Their backers will not have the chance 'to hedge!'  
 'Scamander,' 'Avondale,' and 'Charles the First?'  
 'Will not stay home however wisely nurs'd!  
 'National Guard' too loudly tells his tale,  
 And mystery shrouds the lame 'King of the Vale!'  
 In 'lists' 'Fantastic's' name appears once more;  
 (The only 'Hesperus' that does not roar;)  
 But 'Jarnicoton' has an equal chance  
 To take 'the Turf's Blue Riband' o'er to France!

'Hold! one word more! What news of 'Glasgow's lot?'  
 'Jackson this year again shall land no pot!'  
 O'er the whole batch he well may make his moan;  
 'Clarior,' 'Light Bob,' 'the Whale,' and 'Rapid Rhone,'  
 Four poorer platers have been seldom stripp'd!  
*They may be shot!* they ought to be well whipp'd!  
 Bruce's 'Trojanus' is a spicy steed  
 Of the fam'd wooden horse's dang'rous breed!  
 Last year his lumb'ring limbs refus'd to grapple  
 In 'little go' with Westmorland's 'Oak-apple';  
 But now he comes matur'd by Wadlow's care,  
 Tried with 'Peignoir'—to comb the layer's hair!

'Thanks, good my friend! you've told me what I want!  
 Which horses may be winners, and which can't!'

Yonder they go to paddock! all alive  
 Of nigh three hundred entries—twenty-five!  
 Hush'd is the busy Ring's transcendent roar;  
 And cheeks look pale that never blanch'd before.  
 Excitement quivers on each owner's glance,  
 While marshall'd in a line the colts advance.  
 Starter and jockeys wish the race well ended,  
 And wonder which of them will be suspended.

---

'*They may be shot!*' Lord Glasgow had an invincible dislike to selling a horse. He would give them away upon condition of their being well treated and not sold; but those which were not worth accepting were condemn'd, by his orders, to be shot.

There was very little doubt that Lord Clifden ought to have won this Derby. Nothing but the accidental slipping of Fordham's reins prevented it. Indeed many persons remain convinc'd that the Judge made a mistake.

'They're off! ye Gods! how many shares, and lands,  
And notes, five minutes more will see change hands!'  
Sharp to the front 'the commoners' proceed,  
And quite secure of losing, race for speed!  
At 'Tattenham's Corner' these find out the pace  
Leaves them to 'pitch' or 'pull up' in the race!  
The 'Favourites' meanwhile, with care drawn back,  
Measure each other and pull hard,—or crack!  
'The road' is pass'd! and thund'ring by the Stand,  
Come 'Mac,' and 'Sac,' with 'Clifden' well in hand;  
'Gillie' and 'Ranger' in the strife compound;  
And 'Tom Fool's' backers greater fools are found.  
'Fantastic' at the distance shuts up shop;  
And 'Hospodar' and Lamb's 'Blue-mantle' stop;  
The shouts are fearful, for the struggle's close!  
And no one knows how hot he'll get the dose!  
'Sac' now beats 'Mac!' but spite of private spins,  
The best since 'West Australian,' 'Clifden' wins!

**A hundred eyes the blinking Argus bore;  
Twice forty-nine behind and two before.**

**Are you really sincere when you prate,  
Mr. Willes?  
Are you really sincere when you prate,**



## 101

'Tis only a fortnight to-night,  
Mr. Willes !  
'Tis only a fortnight to-night,  
That you wallow'd prostrate,  
With your head in a plate ;

## THE DEATH OF 'ARGUS.'

Since Noah's was never such plight,

**Mr. Willes :**

**Since Noah's was never such plight !**

**No doubt when at length you awoke,**

**Mr. Willes !**

No doubt when at length you awoke ;

**You felt arm'd for the battle**

**Of touting, and tattle,**

And crapulous story and joke,

**Mr. Willes !**

**And crapulous story and joke.**

**They say in the strength of that drink,**

**Mr. Willes !**

**They say in the strength of that drink,**

## You determin'd to drub

**In your letters 'the Club ;'**

But now soberly, what do you think,

**Mr. Willes?**

**But now soberly, what do you think?**

**Does it never occur to your mind,**

**Mr. Willes?**

**Does it never occur to your mind,**

**That yourself may not be**

**Such a Solon, d'ye see?**

As to make us suppose you're inclin'd,

**Mr. Willes !**

**As to make us suppose you're inclin'd !**

Dare you say, with a 'fiver' though fee'd,

Mr. Willes !

Dare you say, with a fiver though fee'd,

That the public prefer

A disorderly cur

To a hound of the Badminton breed,

Mr. Willes ?

To a hound of the Badminton breed ?

Then take my advice, 'tis sincere,

Mr. Willes !

And well worth a gallon of beer :

Don't meddle with aught

Of which you know nought !

Or bounce up from your own petty sphere,

Mr. Willes !

For the figure you're cutting is queer !

---

NOTICE.—I wrote these lines, after Mr. Willes (a pert fellow who wrote under the name of 'Argus' in the 'Morning Post') had pass'd considerably more than a year in abusing me in every conceivable fashion in his weekly letter in that paper. I had them privately printed, and not only distributed them pretty freely, but sent him half a dozen copies for his own reading, which nearly brought him into a Lunatic asylum.

## Argus's Dream.

---

**G**UZZLED up with strong potations,  
 Stoutly snoring, 'Argus' lay,  
 In a mist of false quotations,  
 After supper and the play.  
 Underneath his throbbing temples,  
 All agog with gin, his bane,—  
 Gin, the cause of his undoing,  
 That he fondly calls 'Champagne.'  
 Pack'd in soporific bundle  
 Lay the last year's 'Morning Post,'  
 With the famous letters in it  
 That have earn'd him tea and toast.

O'er his hundred eyelids stealing  
 Comes an apoplectic sleep,  
 Many a 'go of gin' revealing  
 In its nasal accents deep.  
 Many a 'go' of sad 'blue ruin,'  
 Many a rare-bit (hight of Wales,)—  
 Fare that with our modern Prophets,  
 An men lie not, much prevails.  
 Stars and stripes! to-morrow's head-ache!  
 On his famous truckle-bed,  
 Helpless as the 'sow of David,'  
 Tosses 'Argus' fever'd head.

Cheeky dreams of future triumphs  
 O'er him spread their tinsel wings ;  
 Ladies, with the fairest faces,  
 Say to him peculiar things.  
 At his door the noblest toadies  
 Struggle up, intent to please,  
 Hustling for the foremost places  
 At their ' Argus's ' levées.  
 Then a Continental progress,  
 In its most uncommon sense,  
 Doth he make to Baden-Baden,  
 At poor Benazet's expense.

Rumour's spiciest tales precede him ;—  
 After follows deathless Fame ;  
 Emperors, in special mufti,  
 In the street his notice claim ;  
 Waiting for no presentation,  
 Starting in prodigious hurry,—  
 Making of the ' Argus sweepstakes '  
 An Imperial sort of ' Scurry.'  
 When he nears the Baden race-course,  
 Folks rush to him to decide  
 Who it is, that by his fiat,  
 As a ' gentleman ' may ride.

Straight off-hand the goose decides it,  
 And refuses next, the sinner !  
 Half-a-dozen invitations,  
 Couch'd in abject terms, to dinner.

He, the 'Morning Post' Petronius,  
Arbiter in Fashion's court,  
Judge of all things—horses, ladies,  
Music, grammar, taste, and sport !  
Oh this 'Argus !' oh this 'Argus !'  
When a beggar's put astride  
On aught better than a donkey  
Well we wot where he doth ride.

Having knock'd off Baden-Baden,  
With its races and its play,  
And its 'colony of Russians,'  
And its fair ones free and gay ;  
Doncaster desires his presence,  
With its Leger and its Cup,  
For which half a score of 'dead-uns'  
Must be loudly bolster'd up.  
Then he passes to Newmarket,  
And, unluckily for him,  
Tempted by a 'special tenner,'  
Puts the Jockey Club in trim.

All the foremost names of sportsmen,  
All the noblest of the land,  
Cited by Dictator 'Argus,'  
Must, perforce, hold up their hand !  
By some special trick of juggling,  
Some intolerable surprise,  
That makes men distrust their hearing,  
And at once reject their eyes ;

'Argus,' the poor driv'ler 'Argus,'  
 Seemeth to himself to be  
 Ultimate appeal in racing,  
 And conclusive referee.

Puff'd with pride, and windy triumphs,  
 And long license in the past  
 (Due to the contempt he merits),  
 'Argus' nears the trap at last.  
 Down he comes with every prophet,  
 'Sporting Life,' and 'Racing Times,'  
 'Augur,' 'Priam,' all the dealers  
 In vile prose and doggrel rhymes;  
 All the scum that lives by malice,  
 All that owns the conscious snub,  
 All that owes the grudge long-dated,—  
 To do battle with 'the Club.'

But, alack for human failure!  
 In the '*Council Clerk's*' despite,  
 Soon the much too zealous 'Argus'  
 Finds, forsooth, that all's not right.

---

'*The Council Clerk.*' C. C. Greville. This gentleman behav'd as ill upon this occasion as he did on others. He supplied the Press with information relating to the debates of the 'Jockey Club;' and having betray'd his trust as a gentleman, finish'd by siding with 'Argus' in the most open manner. All his efforts, however, were in vain. 'Argus,' who refus'd to apologise, or retract his letters, was warn'd off the Turf, and in spite of lawsuits and influence was excluded for some years; when the majority of the Club took the ban off him, much to the disgust of the rest. His punishment, however, had the effect of making him more cautious, if not more modest, and acted as a wholesome lesson to the general Press.

Meanwhile, having sunk his clients  
Fathoms deeper in the mud,  
On his own fool's cap alighting  
Comes at last a crushing thud.  
Fairly sober'd by a treatment,  
Like that rattler in the face,  
Which at once knock'd cheek and bounce  
Out of the luckless champion, Mace.  
With just sense enough to know that  
He must pay while others laugh,  
'Argus' wakes, with sighs confessing,  
Man may pay too dear for chaff!

Winter's gloomy months before him,  
With the pinch they're wont to send,  
And the glimpse of beef and pudding  
Vanishing at either end ;  
Stealthily, like thieves, obtrude them,  
Thoughts unbidden and unpleasant :  
'Shall I get my usual douceurs,  
Woodcock, wild-duck, venison, pheasant ?  
Will the 'Morning Post' stick by me  
When it finds I'm gone to pot ?  
Highly as I think of 'Borthwick,'  
I opine that it will not !

'When they find we're done, and dried up,  
Interest fond affection smothers ;  
If aught ail a correspondent,  
Editors look out for others !'



Chast'ning thoughts like these, I'm certain,  
Enter'd 'Argus' crazy brain,  
Toning down his flashy triumphs  
With a sentiment of pain ;  
Like the slave, that Roman custom  
Fetter'd by the conqueror's side,  
Bidding him disturb at leisure  
All the pleasure of the ride.  
And I left him pond'ring whether  
It were really worth his while  
To have earn'd the right of signing—  
'Mr. Argus the Exile.'

---

As the 'Morning Post' might have been applied to, probably for some time, before they found space for this contribution, I was again compell'd to print 'Argus's Dream' on my own account. It is unnecessary to say that I sent him a few copies.

## Newmarket no more; or, The Lay of the 'Warn'd Off.'

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MAY 1, 1867.

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*Tune—'Lochaber no more.'*

**F**AREWELL to Newmarket, farewell to the plain  
Where so many times warn'd off I ought to have been!  
Newmarket no more! Newmarket no more!  
I'll, maybe, return to Newmarket no more.

There's the 'Punchestown Steeple Chase' stately and grand,  
Where myself and the Ladies engage the whole Stand;  
Though Fenians may bluster, and Channel seas roar,  
I'll be there—for Newmarket will have me no more.

These tears that I shed they are all for the 'Press';  
And have nothing to do with my private distress.  
So let no one suppose I feel hurt on that score!—  
I had rather return to Newmarket no more.

Though 'Jockey Club' hurricanes rise on the wind,  
I'll dismiss all such teapot affairs from my mind.  
Their laws are as musty and stale as old 'Noah!'  
So I've made up my mind to be seen there no more.

And rather than 'Aldcroft' should lose his 'new mount,'  
Or 'Harlock' should suffer on my poor account ;  
With his stables as empty as they've been before,—  
I'll consent to return to Newmarket no more.

To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pain'd,  
Where so many crisp fivers by tattling I've gain'd ;  
But a martyr to duty has honour in store,  
Though forbid to return to Newmarket no more.

Then duty, dear Public, must be my excuse !  
Since gossip commands me how can I refuse ?  
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee ;  
And of license depriv'd, I had better not be !

I'm off then to 'Baden,' where 'Houris' await  
The favourite guest of 'Benazet' the great.  
To folks spoil'd like me, your Newmarket's a bore !  
So I've made up my mind to be seen there no more !  
Newmarket no more ! Newmarket no more !  
Mr. Argus returns to Newmarket no more.

## In Memoriam—James Robinson.

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 1873.
 

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POTENT to do, and patient to endure,  
 A frame like 'Hercules in miniature,'  
 A man of pensive brow and modest eye,  
 Mingling respect with conscious mastery ;  
 Prepar'd to wait, to suffer, or make play,  
 Or snatch by sudden rush the prize away ;  
 All this combin'd with cunning, hands, and head—  
 You ask me who it is?—the man is dead !

On many a race-course once he play'd his part,  
 Acknowledg'd master of the witching art  
 Admir'd of Kings, and Chancellors beside,—  
 (Who all in secret think that they can ride,)  
 To him was given—oh hear it not with scorn,  
 Ye coping Statesmen to the manner born !  
 Jockeys of Nations, who but go the pace  
 To filch a ride and lose or sell the race !  
 To him was given the firm yet graceful seat,  
 The cunning hands, the bearing proud but neat,  
 The mesmeretic power ye mostly lack,  
 Whereby brutes know their master's on their back.

All this he had and more—for honesty  
 Beam'd in his face and sparkled in his eye.  
 No touch of slander dimm'd his spotless shield,  
 No bated breath the trust of rogues reveal'd ;

His was the praise—and may-hap his alone—  
The secrets of his master were his own.  
And long the sun of favour round him shone ;—  
Light lie the turf on thee, ' James Robinson !'  
For come what will the world shall never see  
A greater master of his craft than thee !

Methinks I see great ' Jersey's ' splendid shade,  
' Mark Wood ' and ' Thornhill ' in the grave long laid,  
And ' Bedford's ' Duke, and ' Rutland,' honour'd name,  
(Old-fashion'd sportsmen without fear or blame,)  
Gathering in solemn silence round thy bier,  
To drop a silent and a priceless tear.  
Giants they were in times, alas gone by,  
Ere gain usurp'd the place of rivalry ;  
To thee they bring a genuine tribute all,  
Not often meed of purple or of pall ;  
Hear it ye modern jockeys ! for ye must  
If you would shine like him—implicit trust.  
Behold him mounted by ' Frank Buckle's ' side ;  
Two memorable steeds the pair bestride ;  
With weights adjusted to the utmost pound  
By hand whose equal cannot now be found.  
Wide sweeps in silence round the famous twain  
The classic circle of Newmarket's plain !  
' Thousands ' are betted on the coming strife :—  
Where is the struggle that beats this in life ?

They're off ! they're lock'd together ! what a race !  
How grand the contest, and how great the pace !  
With a slight lead ' Frank Buckle ' shows the way,  
And makes, as is his wont, consummate play.

All shifts of cunning in their turn he tries  
 That fool the rash, and sometimes dupe the wise ;  
 In vain he watches for the signs of grief,  
 To take the stealthy pull that brings relief :  
 For still unmov'd, and lurching at his knee  
 Sits his great rival wrapp'd in mystery.  
 Nearer and nearer comes the gathering storm ;—  
 What heart so cold that doth not now grow warm ?  
 For one or other shouts the madden'd crowd  
 And partisan-ship howls and shrieks aloud ;  
 Of ' Rowley's ' cruel mile remains no more  
 Than the last rise, and barely lengths a score.  
 One final effort, ' Buckle,' while you may,  
 The goal is nearly won, and he can stay !  
 But coming now, as if by power of will,  
 (For yet he sits immovable and still,)  
 ' Robinson ' challenges with horse half dead,—  
 The knee becomes a shoulder, then a head ;  
 Two lengths from home his last resource he tries,  
 And sitting down the sounding whale-bone plies.  
 Gamely 'tis answer'd in this strife of death,—  
 Wide open flies the mouth that gasps for breath,—  
 The ribs expanding burst the girths well-nigh,—  
 Red glares the nostril,—starts the blood-shot eye.  
 And while the crowd declares that ' Buckle's ' beat,  
 The Judge proclaims the finish ' a dead heat.'

---

This is an imaginary race ; typical however of a Match at New-market ridden by two first-rate jockeys. The finest contest that racing can show.

## The Great Match at Newmarket.

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'MORNING POST,' OCTOBER 31, 1875.

---

THERE was no 'bounce' about it !  
 There were neither 'ifs nor ands ;'  
 He would not take an ounce of weight  
 At anybody's hands !

'Eight stone ten' and 'seven eleven,'  
 ('Twixt five years old and three ;)  
 So said, at last, the sages  
 That weight for age should be.

The course (Newmarket's favourite)  
 Was 'Rowley's' famous mile :  
 Both were fit, and both were well,  
 And their owners both did smile.

One came unlaurell'd to our shores ;  
 But there he vanquish'd all ;  
 And challenged last the fleetest steed  
 That fed in any stall.

'Prince Charlie' of Newmarket  
 At once his flag unfurl'd ;  
 He was the wonder of his day  
 'The miler' of the world.

The children of two mighty lands  
 In rivalry looked on ;  
 But the gallant sons of England  
 Betted freely—'two to one.'

'Prince Charlie' was the grandest horse  
 That ever drew a rein ;  
 There's not a babe in England  
 Will see his like again.

'Peut-être' perhaps was 'fifteen two,'  
 And 'Charlie' two hands higher ;  
 A match it was to look upon,  
 Like David and Goliath.

'Peut-être' (the son of Ventre St. Gris,)  
 Made running—'ventre à terre ;'  
 But ever at his quarter lay  
 The giant—waiting there.

So now they've passed the 'Bushes hill,'  
 The 'dip' is entered now,  
 And 'Charlie' pricks his gallant ears  
 And mounts the 'Rowley' brow.

Perhaps the rise may tell on him ?  
 Perhaps ! peut-être ?—but see  
 Prince Charlie comes ! Prince Charlie !  
 And who should win but he ?



Like a sun-beam o'er the waters,  
Like a storm athwart the sky,  
The giant comes like lightning,  
And in a flash sweeps by.

One shake—and there is no perhaps !—  
The beating's no disgrace ;  
'*Peut-être*' yields to the grandest horse  
That ever won a race.

---

'*Peut-être*.' Astonished the English, and I believe his friends, by first winning the Cesarewitch of 1875—when his owners in a most chivalrous mood proceeded to challenge any horse in the world to run at weight for age, over the Rowley mile, for a thousand sovereigns. This challenge was accepted by 'Prince Charlie;' and after referring to the authorities, it was decided that the weight for age between a five years old and a three should be a difference of thirteen lb. The match created much excitement; and was look'd at in an international point of view; but the betting from start to finish was two to one on 'Prince Charlie,' who was ridden by Parry. The race came off as herein described.

## The Humours of a Race-Course.

BEGUN 1870; FINISHED 1878.

IN days gone by, folks went, as now, the pace;  
 And Grecian chariots were the first to race;  
 No paltry purse of gold the victors aim,  
 But wreath of *olive*, and undying fame.  
 Happier at least in 'Pindar' for a scribe,  
 Than the dull pipings of our 'Prophet tribe!'

Then tyrants clad in purple and in pall,  
 Strove to compete, but got the stern black ball  
 Which publish'd to the World, for all to see,—  
 'Th' *Olympic Club* is only for the free!  
 And hence, no doubt, the 'Noble Turf' can claim  
 Its thorough freedom and its genuine game;  
 No royal road to victory is here!  
 Upon the race-course every man is peer.  
 Wealth cannot purchase—fancy cannot make  
 The rich-man's horse the winner of the stake,—  
 Nor money lend the beaten racer wings,—  
 Nor favour rule, as in most other things.

---

'*Wreath of olive.*' *κόρινος*. The prize for the winner of the chariot race was a wreath of olive. It was cut with a golden sickle by a boy (both of whose parents were alive) from the sacred olive tree *ἁλαία καλλιστέφανος*.

'*The Olympic Club.*' This in fact it was. Certain Greek Cities were its original Members; and very chary they were of admitting strangers, no matter how high-plac'd.

A strife it is before the world confess'd—  
Where the chief prize is given to the best.

Deliver me from 'flymen' still say I!  
Those shrewd discounters of necessity;  
Unwater'd roads, 'pikes' that make progress vain,  
And scores of drivers cursing in a lane.  
Dusty or drench'd we reach the 'Stand' at last,  
And in fresh sorrows quite forget the past.

What sounds are these that mix in Babel's hum?  
The jangling harp, the yellings of the 'Scum,'  
The twang of ballads 'contra bonos mores,'  
And the stale jokes of 'improvisatores';  
Temper'd by warnings of Policeman A,  
Who keeps his temper but still has his way.  
Those who consider 'Job' a poet's whim,  
May have all doubts remov'd by watching him.

Hark! 'tis 'the 'bugler' who proclaims the start!  
Leaps to the mouth at once the public heart.  
A gath'ring roar ensues;—a shriek is heard  
From lips by gain or loss too fiercely stirr'd;  
And see, 'the telegraph' makes matters plain,  
And 'all the Prophets' are all wrong again.  
But hope returns at once to 'plunger's' faces;  
For this is but the first of thirteen races.

A shower of rain across the race-course passes,—  
'Legs' wipe their hats, and gentle-folks their glasses.  
Like wild-fowl scatter'd by the falcon's wing,  
The startled fair at once to shelter spring;

A rush is made into the steaming Stand,  
 And silk umbrellas in a sea expand,  
 E'en gorgeous Dames in many colours deck'd,  
 For once treat humble 'ginghams' with respect;  
 From Summer clouds when sudden shower-baths fall,  
 'Tis 'Macintosh' or 'Briggs' that's Lord of All!  
 But let no pity chill you with dismay;  
 For all these damaged robes some man will pay;  
 And the fair damsels shall again appear,  
 Brighter than flowers of the new-born year.

True Britons, when a Holiday's begun,  
 Will feed from morning to the set of Sun,  
 And never seem a pin the worse, I think,  
 Unless it be, at divers times, for drink.  
 But peremptory Fashion eats at two;  
 And see! from ev'ry coach-top start to view  
 Cold currie and ic'd prawns, sirloins, and lamb,  
 With Yorkshire's noble cognisance the ham:  
 'Gules' in a tressure bound of 'argent' fat!—  
 'Sardanapalus' had cheer'd up for that;  
 And shaking off his limpness, peck'd again  
 At claret cups, or 'Giesler's' ic'd champagne.

But now, with twangling harps and voices crack'd,  
 Come all the many plagues that Egypt lack'd.  
 Here carol ballad-girls with blowsy hair,  
 And '*Ginger's*' latest Opera splits the air;

---

'*Ginger's latest Opera.*' This enterprising singer and composer may be seen on most race-courses, decorated with as many medals (of his own invention) as a French Marshal. He is at the top of his profession, and a clever fellow.

With faces reeking through a sooty masque,  
 St. Giles's Ethiopians ply their task ;  
 Meanwhile one native African displays  
 His forty grinders to the public gaze.  
 A gipsy sorceress not devoid of charms,  
 Now pleads for several babies all in arms ;  
 Sixpence persuades the black-ey'd maid to go,  
 And leaves us thinking of ' Miss Martineau.'  
 The ' lost Improvisator ' makes me sad ;—  
 But who shall say ' 'twas Phoebus drove him mad ?'  
 ' Upon the left a white-hair'd gent you see,  
 It is the *Noble Herl of Winchilsee!*'  
 If rhyme ran short he never paus'd to find it !  
 And sense, poor wretch, he ever shot behind it.  
 ' Remember your old woman ! ' shouts a dame  
 That for these forty years has scream'd the same ;  
 As if the luckless wight that once had met her  
 Were—in his life-time, likely to forget her.  
 To her ' strong-men ' and ' conjurers ' succeed ;  
 Old soldiers—rascals of no common breed,—  
 With masters of the game call'd ' Ring the Bull,'—  
 Especial black-guards against whom I'm full.  
 Then '*Irish Mary*' of the down-cast eyes,  
 With choice of flowers your button hole supplies,  
 And slily whispers, as she smooths her gown,  
 Her peck of troubles,—cur'd by ' half a crown.'

---

' *The lost Improvisator.*' The lines here given were actually those  
 us'd. ' God keep him humble ! '

'*Irish Mary.*' A flower girl. She came out first at the Curragh,  
 where I saw her in 1870. She was then meditating a flitting to  
 England, which she shortly carried out. I hope to her own advantage.

But time is call'd—it is the 'Steward's Cup !'  
 And thirty numbers on the board are up.  
 Come to the noisy ring, and scan with me,  
 The special brokers of a mystery  
 That sends 'one' home a winner from its mart,  
 For twenty losers with a broken heart.

Who is this burly man that lacks a waist ?  
 With eyes intelligent, and cheeks of paste ?  
 And yonder wight that to his shoulder reaches ?  
 Who writes as fast as t'other bets and screeches.  
 Good men they are and true, that run in pairs,  
 And for these twenty years have still gone shares.  
 Long has that sturdy spirit rul'd 'the Ring,'  
 And laid the odds to Commoners and King ;  
 With wealthiest peers in heaviest wagers vied ;  
 Or '*on commission*' *skinn'd* the country-side.  
 So deep his policy, his wit so trim,  
 Blunder who may, the maze is clear to him.  
 Should 'Rivers Wilson' fail, his head might work  
 Financial freedom for the ruin'd Turk !

And near his corner jostle, shout, and shriek  
 The minor 'winds,' and puff the boist'rous cheek.  
 Good fellows they,—and of a sterling sort ;  
 Pity their trade's so good, and 'odds' so short,

---

'*Skinn'd the country-side.*' There is a great deal of talent shown in doing this properly. The commission should be executed on all points at once, so that the book-makers may not take the alarm. The gentleman who had the commission to back Lord Hastings's 'Lecturer' when he won the 'Cesarewitch' in 1866, return'd the odds of fifty thousand pounds to one thousand, which he had taken in smaller bets all over the country. All the birds in the Decoy should be taken at one pitch.

That few, above a dozen years require ;  
Till your late footman blossoms forth a Squire.

Say who are these in parti-colours dress'd,  
A sky-blue coat, red hat, and pea-green vest ?  
Around whose feet the gaping public throng ?  
To what profession do these knaves belong ?  
'List-men' they are !—a very slipp'ry set,  
Who, spite of laws, for 'ready-money' bet.  
Bags round their necks, and tickets in their hands,  
'Odds' on their lips, and cutty-stools for stands.  
For sudden disappearances renown'd,  
And should a favourite win, too seldom found.  
Shun these ingenuous youth, and trusting maid !  
Nor tempt the masters of the 'nimming' trade.  
And thou policeman use thy pond'rous force !  
And sweep them 'bag and baggage' off the course.

In days gone by, upon that breezy steep,  
Where Goodwood's many courses wind, and sweep,  
A troop of '*Welshers*' gather'd on the sly,  
Remote from '*Sir John Maxwell's*' piercing eye.

'List-men.' A 'slang' word for sportsmen who take ready money and deliver tickets purporting to return the sum deposited, together with the odds laid against the winner, immediately the race is over. They are not always to be found so easily as they were before it ; unless circumstances such as 'a good day' or 'a good betting race' encourage them to remain and pay.

'Welshers.' It is not easy to say whence this word came. There are few race meetings in which one or more of these does not meet with condign punishment at the hands of his dupes ; and there have been instances in which the wrong man was made over to the tender mercies of the mob. The scene here describ'd took place at Doncaster on the Leger Day 1878.

'Sir John Maxwell.' A Scotch Baronet whose name is not unknown in Middlesex, on licensing days.

Five races pass'd with various 'ups and downs,'  
 They gather'd freely, and dispens'd the crowns.  
 When lo ! a sixth appears !—the strife grew hot !  
 Nothing was back'd but one 'tremendous pot.'  
 No choice was left,—as 'fielders' none would bet.  
 One of the band was posted 'en vedette,'  
 To bring them tidings ;—and from far he sees  
 Cant'ring in front, the 'Favourite' at his ease.  
 Quick as a thief that hears the 'hue and cry,'  
 He runs—and bellows as he passes by,  
 'Fly to the '*birdless*' woods—the favourite wins !'  
 Down tumble they, a hurried rush begins !  
 And long before the winner had weigh'd in,  
 There was not left the value of a pin.

So now towards their debtors winners press  
 To draw the produce of their cleverness.  
 'Yokels' come smiling with victorious faces,  
 And find—hey-day !—a score of empty places !  
 With a few lists of prices made to quote,  
 About as precious as a 'Glasgow note.'  
 But mark, how wise these light-heel'd sportsmen were,  
 And what had happen'd had folks caught them there.

Behold a row ! and thither all are gone  
 Except the wise who prudently look on.  
 A *senseless* mob now this, now that side flits ;  
 Pockets are pick'd, and hats are smash'd to bits,

---

'*The birdless woods.*' It is said that the beech woods on the  
 Goodwood hills are birdless.



While in the shifting centre there appear  
Uplifted arms that clubs in vengeance rear.  
At last it opens like a travelling bag,  
And bruised, and bleeding, and without a rag,  
A 'Welsher' comes—by two policemen led,  
While half a dozen more protect his head.  
Britons alone love fair-play at a pinch;  
But Welshers are consign'd to Justice Lynch.

The sinking sun now clears the crowd apace,  
And the day closes with a selling race.  
A day of shatter'd hopes, and heavy losses,  
Some glorious struggles, and perhaps some 'crosses.'  
But yet the week is young,—so none give in;  
Three days are left to make things worse, or win.  
A chancy game it is, no doubt, and yet  
The British Public ever loves a bet.  
And better thus—though prudent folks gainsay,  
Than gambling in the Funds, or private play,  
At least, 'tis practis'd in the face of day!

## Pelissier's Raid.

---

NOVEMBER, 1845.

---

'Now is he total gules, horribly trick'd  
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons.'

*Hamlet.*

THEY sallied forth from Algiers  
In terrible array  
To devastate, and plunder,  
And reive, and burn, and slay,  
And civilise the 'Kabayle'  
In his mountains, if they may!

Sons of Freedom-giving France,  
Forth on glorious hest they ride!  
Their's her honour to advance,  
Their's to check her foeman's pride!  
And show the World that war's reality  
May yet be soften'd by 'true chivalry.'

---

'*Pelissier's Raid.*' The burning of a refractory Hill tribe, 'the Ouled Raya,' in the caverns in which they had taken refuge, was the first feat that introduced 'Col<sup>l</sup> Pelissier' to the notice of Europe. It created a very strong feeling against the French method of advancing the cause of civilisation. This worthy, (a Spadassin of the fiercest sort that ever came out of the work-shop of 'Marshal Bugeaud'—'Papa Bugeaud' as 'his lambs' call'd him,) liv'd to be himself a Marshal under the Second Empire, and was in the command in the War of the Crimea 1855, if my memory serve me rightly.

The 'Ouled Raya' saw them  
From his nest in the rock on high.  
Saw the blazing village, and the dust of pillage,  
And the watch-fires light the sky.  
And he took down his father's sword  
Where it hung behind the door;—  
And he saddled his fleet steed, trusty and true at need,  
And he caught his lance up,—and he swore  
By the Heaven above, and the Earth beneath,  
'He would keep his own in the Frenchman's teeth !'  
So 'Pelissier' burnt on.  
But to meet him never horseman wheel'd  
In smoking hamlet, ravag'd field,  
Foemen saw he none ;  
They had left the bloody plain,  
Where their bravest fought in vain,  
For the caverns in the rocks ;  
And plung'd in with household gear,  
And wives, and children dear,  
And agèd sires, and flocks !

The chilling earth-damp dripp'd  
From the shadows on the wall ;  
And the Leader's footstep tripp'd  
As he gain'd that fatal hall.  
For torches cast  
Uncertain light and dread,  
O'er the slimy things, that tread  
On the faces of the dead,  
When all's pass'd.  
Sounds of terror growling came,  
Like the rushing of the flame

That shall roar on Earth's appointed 'day of doom !'  
While the nodding owl beholds,  
And the snake uncoils his folds,  
And 'Azrael' wav'd his wings in the gloom.  
And the 'Gnome' laugh'd loud and shrill  
In the echoes of the Hill ;  
And the 'Ghoole' in silence sat,  
Cheek to jowl beside the bat !  
And he counted that doom'd crew ;  
Wives, and maidens, not a few,  
Agèd sires and warriors true ;—  
And ever as he glower'd wish'd them more.  
And he grinn'd a smile to thank  
The 'Spahis' of the Frank  
That had fed him with the best, oft before.

Up the pass the squadrons come !  
Tramp of horse, and tuck of drum.  
See the 'Tricolor' advance !  
See the citizens of France,  
Cheating still a tedious way,  
With some old Provençal lay,  
Or a tale of wonders done,  
Ere set Napoleon's scorching sun ;  
Suddenly, and terribly,  
As such setting ought to be !

Why plunge no trees with deadly shock ?  
Topples no crag from yonder rock ?  
Rains no shot from the clefts of the Hill ?  
Why are the 'Ouled Raya' still ?  
Is it folly ? is it pride ?—  
Up the pass the foemen ride,

And near that cavern vast  
Fiercely then the bugle horn  
Gives out notes of war and scorn,  
Till the wailing blast  
Echoing through those vaulted halls,  
Along the ragged roof and walls,  
Strikes the foe at last.  
Telling that the Frank is there,  
Bold to do, and prompt to dare,  
Quick to strike, and slow to spare !  
And the chillness of the cave  
Doubling on that sad conclave,  
For a while unmann'd the brave,  
And quite un-nerv'd the fair !

Then a voice was heard to say ;—  
' Yield proud ' Kabayle ' while ye may !  
Will ye die, like loping fox,  
Stifed in his den of rocks ?  
Wood is there enough, I trow,  
Waving on yon mountain's brow !  
Yield ! or straight remorseless hand  
Builds the pile, and fires the brand !'

But no answering voice arose  
From the cavern-hidden foes !  
Silence fill'd the place !  
And the terrors that precede  
A dark and nameless deed,  
Hush'd ribalds for a space.  
But an eagle scream'd alone,  
On the Mountain's topmost stone !

And a string of ravens pass'd,  
Croaking, hurrying down the blast.  
    Like bidden guests too late.  
And the Vulture's felon crew  
Hung like specks in æther blue :—  
    Each beside his mate.

Then the trumpet clang rung forth again,  
And a buzz of anger ran  
Down the line, from man to man !  
Swords were loosen'd in the sheath ;  
Oaths were mutter'd through the teeth.  
And the 'Sapeur's' axe flash'd bright  
In the sun's departing light,  
And frequent fell the trees  
As leaves before the breeze  
Of Winter—when he strips the plain.  
With a whizz, and whirr, and crash  
As the stubborn oak and ash  
    Came hurtling down below.  
'Twas a weary sight  
By the Moon's cold light  
    To see the death-pile grow.  
Rugged cork-tree boles were there,  
Shafts of aloes slim and bare,  
Holly, myrtle, arbutus,  
Oak, and thorn, and gum cistus,  
    A goodly blaze 'twill be !  
And the smoke in wreaths shall drift,  
From every mountain rift,  
And short shall be the shrift !  
    And none shall flee !

There were sounds of woe, and fear  
Within that cavern drear !  
Women and weak ones clave  
In terror to the brave,

And pleaded hard for life ;—but in vain.  
And the gallant war-horse neigh'd  
In the ever-growing shade :  
And his picket-ropes he strain'd,  
For ever he disdain'd

To die, except on glorious battle-plain.  
And the watch-dog's sullen whine,  
And the lowing of the kine,  
Gave a token and a sign !  
As when the Heavens frown,  
And a thunder cloud stoops down  
From Atlas' rocky crown.  
Or the poisonous Simoom  
Brings inevitable doom,  
And a sand-wreath for a tomb.

Men of mortal make and mould,  
Wilful though ye be, and bold,  
Yield !—For fiends alone I wis,  
Counsell'd warfare such as this !

Then came on the startled fowl  
Fire-sing'd bat and shrieking owl.  
Bellow'd then the flame behind  
Roaring like the Desert Wind.  
Ashen shower, and sultry blast,  
Fiery meteors rushing past.

Smoke as black as that which wells  
From Vesuvius' jaws, or Hell's,  
O'er all the mountain hung !  
And the ruthless soldiers bore  
On their broad backs, wood in store ;—  
And ever as they toil'd, they sung,—

'Heap on the fagots ! Heap them on bravely !  
Short time remains to us !  
Stab them with lances ! shoot them like wild beasts !  
What are their pains to us ?  
Are they not hill-men ? are they not enemies ?  
Why should we spare them ?  
What are our lances for, what are our sabres for ?  
Why do we wear them ?

So the fire went down at last,  
As sinks the tempest-blast  
When the good-ship lies a wreck upon the rocks.—  
When the peril scares no more,  
And the dead men strew the shore,  
And the sea-birds hover round in flocks.

Rarely from the smould'ring ashes,  
Leaps the flame in fitful flashes !  
Showing like the plague-spot dread  
On the limbs of one just dead  
Where the seething Nile sweeps by  
Storied Thebes, or Memphis high.  
Prithee, hold awhile thy breath  
In this avenue of death !



The smoke drift eddies still  
From the bowels of the hill ;  
    Let it clear !  
For neither shriek nor groan,  
Warrior's shout nor woman's moan,  
    Canst thou hear !  
They are silent,—silent all,—  
With horror for a pall !  
So should not brave men fall !

Enter now, with jest and jeer !  
Those that wielded sword and spear,  
Group'd in agony they lie !  
Sword and spear no more to ply.  
And the strong right hand  
Of the best of the band  
Is charr'd ;—as he drave  
His dagger through the slave  
Who fear'd a fiery grave  
    And would have fled !  
And the shrivell'd infant rests  
Between the mother's breasts,  
And her arms are cross'd,  
And her mantle is toss'd  
    O'er his head.  
Woman ! ever brave and true,  
Such, and much more wilt thou do  
    For thy child !  
Whether thou hast borne him in  
Pomp, or penury, or sin,  
    Town, or Desert wild.

Whether he be dark as night,  
Or as radiant angel bright,  
Still, he's thine own !  
Thy heart-strings round him cling,  
Be he peasant, slave, or King !  
But not for his throne !

See, thine heel has cranch'd a skull !  
Yester-e'en it was a Chief's,  
Full of policy, poor gull !  
Rack'd by Freedom's hopes and griefs ;  
The fire hath dried his brain !  
But he died without a stain !  
And more, like him, remain,  
Though they lurk  
By sandy waste, and wold,  
With the lion in his hold ;  
Then how shall ruth or gold  
Stay the work ?  
There is nothing left to learn !  
The lesson's sharp and stern !—  
'Swords will slay—and fire burn !'  
Be it so !  
The ' Frank ' has mothers too  
And sorely shall they rue  
Of ' Pelissier's ' fierce crew  
This day's blow.  
For the dweller on the plain,  
And the ' Kabayle ' of the Hill,  
And the Arab, and the Moorman,  
And all that gather still

When 'Abd-el-Kader's' banners  
 Are lightly flung on high ;  
 Shall scatter mercy to the winds ;—  
 And those who lose must die !  
 Withdraw ! withdraw ! the smoky reek  
 Hangs on the face of day,  
 And ye half disturb the Vulture  
 Your follower, from his prey.  
 Withdraw ! withdraw ! the 'Kabayle'  
 May be lining pass and glen,  
 With masses of fierce women  
 And bands of furious men.

Enough has been done !  
 The 'Cross of Honour's' won !  
 The robber has been crush'd,  
 And his death-shriek hush'd  
 In the flame's wild roar.  
 And none has scap'd to tell  
 The horrors that befel,  
 The tribe who dar'd rebel !—  
 Could all the powers of Hell  
 Do more ?

Go where worth reposes  
 Ankle deep in roses !  
 Go ! where tendrils of the vine  
 Round your laurell'd brows may twine !  
 Go ! where poets shall rehearse  
 All your deeds in jingling verse.  
 Go ! and be your valiant band  
 Limn'd by 'Horace Vernet's' hand !

Let him paint the Chieftain brave  
Pointing to the yawning cave !  
Let the death-fires glitter bright  
On the sable robe of Night !  
Showing every visage grim  
Toiling back, and straining limb.  
Proudly in the middle sky  
Let good store of ' Victories ' fly !  
Scattering wreaths, and sowing flowers,  
In one of Glory's gaudiest showers !  
Thus shall ' Vernet's ' art repeat  
' Pelissier's ' unrivall'd feat.  
Children yet unborn shall gaze  
Proudly on the cheerful blaze ;  
And not unworthy of such sires,  
Emulate, at need, their fires.

**EXTRACTS FROM THE POEM  
OF ABD-EL-KADER.**

**PUBLISHED IN 1851.**



## In Memoriam—Lord George Bentinck.

DEDICATION OF THE POEM 'ABD-EL-KADER.'

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WRITTEN MARCH 9, 1850. PUBLISHED 1851.

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To give in pleasant guise a simple tale,  
 To win applause where learned pedants fail,  
 To furbish up with wit Truth's antique gold,—  
 This was the poet's privilege of old !

Truly they spoke who bade him seek the woods,  
 The melody of birds, the drone of floods,  
 Quitting betimes the gloss and glare of Rome  
 For simple pleasures and a rustic home ;  
 Tuneless in Mammon's halls the lyre is strung ;  
 Arcadians listen'd where Arcadians sung.  
 Yet, undeterr'd by this ephemeral age,  
 The world's indifference, and the critic's rage,  
 Old reverence and new sorrow bid me tell  
 What many feel, but few can know so well.  
 On Britain's weal let ' Cotton-Leagues ' attend !  
 I have mine office,—for I had a friend !

Not his those spurious arts that win the crowd ;  
 For such base fame he was a world too proud.  
 He made no reckless bid for place and power,  
 Offspring he was—not parent of his hour.  
 And yet he serv'd his country to the knife,  
 And gave her—what she valued most—his life !

The decent 'Janus,' nurs'd in crafts of State,  
Fear'd his rebuke, and lent him all his hate.  
The world so long unconscious of his parts,  
Deem'd a man unfit to conquer hearts.  
The few who read his soul in friendship's hour,  
Confess'd his genius, scarce foresaw his power.

His form how glorious, his dark eye how clear !  
How cower'd a rogue before his damning sneer ;  
How small a trickster show'd—how more than base,  
Struck by his club, all phases of disgrace !  
Before his stern rebuke bronzed lawyers quail'd,  
And thieves detected trembled as they rail'd.  
Withal, the guileless spirit of a child  
Mail'd in the proof of honour undefil'd ;  
Slow to believe malignant slander's breath,  
But to a convict pitiless as death.  
A friend's misfortune ever prompt to feel,  
He pass'd not by aloof, but stopp'd to heal.  
A good Samaritan too oft repaid  
With injuries and wrong for vital aid.

Others might boast more questionable arts  
In twisting facts, more sleight in juggling hearts.  
Rough truths 'he' publish'd, in frieze jerkins dight,—  
(His was no gift at 'tickling ears polite.')

An honest man with noblest zeal inspir'd,  
No threats appall'd him, and no labour tir'd.  
Bent to repress the 'license' of his times,  
He tore their silken draperies from crimes ;  
Straight to the point he went—abrupt and dry.  
Tricks he call'd 'knavery,'—and a lie—'a lie,'



Pinning the veriest 'Proteus' down with shame  
To the vile thing—stripp'd of the venial name.

Bright was this prospect checker'd by young hope;  
Starts up at once a 'Titan' arm'd—to cope  
With adverse Fate against unvarying odds,  
Clamour of men, and press of recreant 'gods.'  
Alas—though triple roses crown the draught,  
Goblets may shiver ere their juice be quaff'd!

Within the portals of that gloomy gate  
Where 'Harcourt House' maintains Batavian State,  
To the right hand a modest chamber lies;—  
(No scarlet boxes greeting curious eyes.)  
Yet there he drudg'd,—with more results to show  
Than well paid Minister in State Bureau :  
Health failing—food neglected—rest foregone !—  
But like the 'mettled racer' struggling on ;  
Unconscious of the paltry bounds assign'd  
To strongest frame, and most capacious mind.

Alas, my friend ! had all been such as thou,—  
Honest, and true,—I had not mourn'd thee now :  
The springy turf of Goodwood's wide domain,  
The stirring contests of Newmarket's plain—  
Thou hadst not left, for scenes where 'parties' rave ;  
A worn-out spirit, and an early grave !

Grey morning saw thee full of kindly cheer ;  
Dark evening brooded pall-wise o'er thy bier :  
A voice of mourning chill'd the winter's blast ;  
Along mute wires th' electric tidings pass'd :

Palace and castle, hall and peasant's cot,  
In grief agreeing, all but grief forgot :  
Friends wept, foes pitied,—envy ceas'd to chide ;  
All felt the loss of merit none denied !

Long shall that day, that *miserable day*,  
Be mark'd with black till I too rest in clay ;  
Long shall the sturdy farmer's honest heart  
Deplore his loss, and his unfinish'd part :  
The plain well-wisher to the common-weal  
Shall miss his home-spun style, and dauntless zeal ;  
And those who fill his place perceive with dread  
What matchless powers center'd in the dead.

To thee, great heart ! I dedicate this tale,  
Wherein great wars and faith impeach'd prevail.  
A great man's knell—by multitudes oppress'd :—  
Like Ceylon's beast half driven, half caress'd  
Beyond the treach'rous palisadoe's gate ;—  
Docile no more, but circumspect too late.  
Deeds, such as thou, (despising Statesmen's frowns,  
And dear-bought harmonies of cordial crowns,)  
Hadst surely stripp'd of tinsel, gloss, and glare,  
And given to scorn—dishonour'd, gaunt, and bare.

Others may dedicate to soothe their grief  
Historic brass in honour of their chief,—  
I have it not to give !—but what is mine,  
Verse and a tear, shall mingle at thy shrine !  
Accept the best a sorrowing heart can give ;  
And with thy virtues, may our friendship live !

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' *Miserable day.* ' 21<sup>st</sup> Sep<sup>r</sup>. 1848.

## El Gharb.

ABD-EL-KADER. P. 1.

**L**AND of El Gharb ! the wild the changeless West  
 Where science creeps afoot, and arts are few,  
 And mountain clans abide, of glens possess'd  
 That housed their sires when Carthage yet was new.  
 Over thy snowy peaks Rome's eagle flew  
 Leaving few traces, though she kept thee long  
 And rul'd thee wisely, as few conquerors do ;—  
 And still in Santon's tale and Minstrel's song  
 Hovers her mighty name o'er all that's great and strong.

The sea-cascades that sometime top man's wall,  
 Severing harvests from her old domain,  
 The waves that cannonade the strong mole, fall  
 For many a winter's ebb and flood in vain ;  
 Cunning hath bridled Neptune's horse, the Main !  
 But ever in some hour of jeopardy,  
 Impetuous Ocean re-asserts his reign ;  
 Short is the water's rage—small hope to flee,—  
 Wild waves contend with sands where homesteads wont to be.

So, in these Highlands where Jugurtha fought,  
 And Djurjura rears his snowy peak on high,  
 And Atlas huge dispels the Simoom fraught  
 With poison from Saharas furnac'd sky,—

The stream of conquest ever rushes by,  
And leaves no sign ; — myrtle, dwarf oak, green bays  
Fold buried cities in their shrubbery ;  
The work that should have been for aye, decays,  
And where the Legion growled, the Bedouin's heifer strays.

From rock and glen return the pristine race,  
Unchanged in feature, and untam'd in mood.  
With zealot's rage, art's wonders they deface,  
And welcome Freedom to a solitude.  
One kindred impulse fir'd these spirits rude,  
Devis'd of faith and sense, Arabia's creed  
Publish'd by scimetars with gore embued :—  
' Empire or Houris the Believer's meed !'  
Spur of the locust tribes that tether Yemen's steed.

Yet did the Camel-driver's swarm pass by  
Heaven-impuls'd, to the vineclad Spanish land,  
Where ' vegas ' girt with ' sierras ' icy-high,  
Along the course of ancient floods expand.  
Art grac'd their mission,—many a cunning hand  
Flung palaces for Khalifs on the steep  
Of rocks prerupt, by halcyon breeze fann'd.  
Hesperidean fruits displac'd the sheep ;  
The Paradise zeal won wise monarchs long did keep.

Meanwhile the Berber race look'd on unchang'd,  
Borrowing from Mecca, save her Koran, nought.  
Born among toppling crags the Kabayle rang'd  
O'er vast Aurasius, *Gelimer's* resort,

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' *Gelimer.* ' Gelimer was the last and Genseric the first of the Vandal kings of Africa.

And clan with clan in vengeful quarrel fought ;  
Careless whose sword might win or lose the plain,  
Cæsar's or Genseric's !—Ishmael or the Porte ;  
These Atlantæan tribes that brook no chain  
Keep with their father's sword the mountaineer's domain.

A sacred war is preach'd !—the Santons roam  
Publishing battle, over hill and waste.  
'The Frank has cross'd the northern Ocean's foam.  
Your mosques are desecrate, your tombs defac'd.  
Haste to the Prophet's standard ! Moslem haste !  
Speak out El Gharb ! or be for ever dumb !  
Algiers is captive ! Islâm cowers disgrac'd ;  
As through her cities rolls th'insulting drum ;  
To marshal countless hosts whose day of death is come !'

\* \* \* \*

## Abd-el-Kader's Address to his Followers.

PUBLISH'D 1851.

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CANTO I. PASSAGE 23.

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**T**HERE were days when true believers  
 In the cause of faith agreed,  
 Spar'd no nation, fear'd no numbers,  
 Crav'd no wealth but arms and steed.  
 From the pastures of the Nedjed,  
 From sweet Yemen's fertile earth,  
 And the dreary shores of Hejaz,  
 (Noble since the Prophet's birth,)  
 Come the destin'd to dominion !  
 Like a little cloud arose  
 The first dark'ning of a tempest  
 That had Infidels for foes.

Single-hearted as the Patriarchs,  
 Victory or death their choice,  
 Few at first, but much-enduring  
 Followers hail'd the Prophet's voice.  
 Men liv'd then who knew not slackness,  
 Turn'd not back for fear or gain,  
 Men whose swords were never idle,  
 And whose honour had no stain.

'Islâm's' shepherds then were watchful,  
 Wise of heart and stout of hand,—  
 'Abubekir' launch'd her armies,—  
 Or just 'Omar' held command.  
 Simple fare, and modest raiment,  
 Easy access for the poor  
 Render'd the first 'Khalifs' noble,—  
 Virtue made their sceptres sure.  
 From the risen Sun of Mecca  
 Stream'd insufferable rays,  
 Vanquish'd nations mark'd its zenith,—  
 'Giaours' perish'd in its blaze.  
 It was then from Riffian mountains,  
 Venturous Taric cross'd the main,  
 With a band of true believers  
 To the paradise of Spain,

---

'*Abubekir or just Omar.*' These were the two first Khalifs, or vicegerents of the Prophet. Abubekir was the father of Ayesha, the favourite wife of Mahomet. He first took the title of Khalifa. His name signifies 'the father of the Virgin,' all the rest of the Prophet's wives having been previously married to others. Omar was the first to take up the title of 'Emir el Moumenin,' or Commander of the Faithful. He was the father of Hassa another of Mahomet's wives. On his death-bed Ibn Abbâs and Ali comforted him saying—that he would leave no one behind him that could charge him with injustice. 'Testify this for me!' said he earnestly,—'at the day of judgment!' They gave him their hands in promise; but he exacted from them that they should give him a written testimonial, and that it should be buried with him in his grave. In his reign, thirty-six thousand towns, castles, and strongholds were taken!—*Successors of Mahomet.* Washington Irving.

'*Venturous Taric.*' One hundred Arabs and four hundred Africans pass'd over in four vessels from Tangier or Ceuta under the command of 'Tarick' or 'Tarif,' in the 91<sup>st</sup> year of the Hejira, in the month of Ramadan (July) A.D. 710. Gibbon, chapter 51.

Soon, from breezy cliffs the palace  
 Smil'd, the warrior castle frown'd,  
 Fruit trees blossom'd in the 'vega,'—  
 Pleasant hamlets nestled round.  
 Science, under splendid Khalifs,  
 Like a water'd date-tree throve,  
 Honour was the minstrel's guerdon,  
 Dark-eyes bless'd the warrior's love.  
 Deeds of splendid arms were frequent,  
 Faith was single—valour pure,—  
 Allah rain'd his choicest blessings  
 In those days upon the Moor.

But the sons of valiant fathers  
 Lost the courage truth supplies,  
 Luxury came in upon them,—  
 With her civil war and lies.  
 One by one strong towns surrender'd  
 To the steel-clad Infidel;  
 Brave 'Abencerrage' and 'Zegri'  
 In detested quarrels fell;  
 Till Boabdil el Zogoybi  
 Pass'd out from Alhambra's gate,  
 Grieving—sighing like a woman  
 O'er the bitter turns of fate :—

---

*'Till Boabdil el Zogoybi.'* Washington Irving thus describes the departure of Boabdil el Chico surnam'd 'El Zogoybi' (the unfortunate) from his beautiful city. 'At two leagues distance, the cavalcade winding into the skirts of the Apuxarras ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Grenada. As they arriv'd at this spot the Moors paus'd involuntarily to take a last farewell gaze at their beloved city, which a few steps more would shut out from their sight for ever. Never had it appear'd so lovely in their eyes. The sunshine so bright



As he linger'd on the shoulder  
 Of the last broad hill, to weep  
 Over exquisite Grenada  
 That his sword lack'd edge to keep ;  
 Into rapid night descending  
 Storm clouds veil'd Arabia's sun,  
 And no hand has stayed the ruin  
 Under his ill star begun ! . . .

In our day 'tis almost ended !—  
 From his home beyond the seas  
 Comes the Frank in countless thousands,  
 Steering here without a breeze.  
 Ravag'd plains, and plunder'd 'silos,'  
 Fire and sword his track bewray ;  
 Dastard Emirs wear his colours,  
 Cringing 'Zouâves' take his pay !

---

in that transparent climate, lighted up each tower and minaret ; and rested gloriously upon the crowning battlements of the Alhambra, while the vega spread its enamell'd bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenil. The Moorish cavaliers gazed with a silent agony of tenderness and grief upon the scene of their loves and their pleasures. While they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and presently a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem king was lost for ever.

The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortunes and over-charged with grief, could no longer contain itself. 'Allah achbar !' 'God is great !' said he, but the words of resignation died upon his lips, and he burst into a flood of tears ! From this circumstance the hill took the name of 'Fes Allah Achbar,' but the point of view commanding the last prospect of Grenada is known among the Spaniards by the name of 'el ultimo suspiro del Moro,' or the last sigh of the Moor.' *Conquest of Grenada*. Washington Irving. Chap. 98.

'*Cringing Zouâves*.' The regiment of 'Zouâves' was form'd by Marshal Clausel in 1830, and was originally compos'd of natives of the country ; but it consists now (1851) partly of French and partly of

On the city and the mountain  
 And the plain he settled down,  
 Like the locust of Zahara  
 In the gardens near the town.  
 Sudden as a flood in Atlas,—  
 But unlike the torrent's sweep  
 (Raving for a season only)  
 Fed—not swallow'd by the deep.  
 Sable fire-ships ever speeding  
 Brought him arms, and wealth untold,  
 Till the fiercest tribes dishearten'd  
 Barter'd liberty for gold ;  
 Flung their gates in terror open  
 With the coward cry ' Amaun !'—  
 It was then that Abd-el-Kader  
 Hating such, arose in scorn !  
 It was then that gracious Allah  
 Pitying Islâm, heard him cry  
 In the silence of Zahara,—  
 ' Draw your swords for liberty !'  
 In the ruin'd mosques of Tacdempt,  
 In twice-sack'd Mascara's waste,  
 Home and city of my fathers,  
 In great dolour have I pac'd

---

natives, chiefly indeed of the former. Their Oriental costume is picturesque and convenient, and their arms consist of the musket, bayonet, and a short sword resembling the Roman sword. Borrer, p. 96.

' Tacdempt.' ' Mahi-ed-din ' Father of Abd-el-Kader (the child or servant of fate) by his third wife Zora, almost the only woman in Africa of any literary acquirements and also mother of Khadidjah, claim'd descent from the ancient Sultauns of Tacdempt (the Tigidnum of antiquity) the ruins of which lie at the western extremity of the plateau of Sersons. He was chief of the great tribe of the ' Hachem Chereaja.'

' Twice sack'd Mascara.' General Trezel was the first to be despatch'd upon this errand, but no sooner had he arriv'd within ten

Communing in soul with prophets  
Of the patriot olden time,  
Reader of my Country's fortunes  
Shadow'd forth in dreams sublime.  
Chosen for a glorious mission,—  
Bearer of a charm'd life,—  
Kindler of a war of Races  
Wag'd on both sides to the knife.

Well and truly have ye serv'd me  
Exiles of my Fatherland !  
Serv'd me with the martyr's patience  
And the valiant soldier's hand !  
Sleep not in the day of vengeance !  
Watch and labour ! strive and pray !  
Be ye—simple as your fathers  
Brave and vigilant as they !  
Listen to no lying promise !  
Trust no 'Giaour' double-tongued !  
To your tribes the glens of Atlas  
In the mist of years belong'd.

---

leagues of Oran than he was set upon by Abd-el-Kader and compell'd to retire, losing 262 men kill'd and 308 wounded in a narrow defile (Moulei Ibrahim) hemm'd in by marshes bordering on the river Macta, and flank'd by hills cover'd with brushwood. Marshal Clausel after defeating Abd-el-Kader on the Sig—sack'd, destroy'd, and then evacuated Mascara. 'In the month of November 1843, General Tempoure surpris'd Sidi Embarak—Abd-el-Kader's Khalifa at Mascara—sack'd it for the second time, and sent Sidi Embarak's head preserv'd in honey to Marshal Bugeaud at Algiers, where it was afterwards serv'd up with the addition of a little salt at a soirée; and we are further inform'd that the Marshal 'yielding to his instincts as a soldier,' gave it the burial of a lieutenant, at Medeah or Milianah, with military honours.'

Free, and fetterless they wander'd  
From the mountain to the 'Tell,'  
Tenants of the rich Metidjah,  
Of the Wahsis, and the well ;  
Ere these tribes of Gog and Magog  
In time's fulness and God's wrath,  
Issued from their frozen prison  
In the caverns of the North.  
By the reedy swamps of Macta  
Ye have laid the Frenchman low !  
On the march to Constantina  
Ye have dealt him blow for blow ;  
In the 'Marabout of Brahim,'  
Near to all his boasted ships,  
Hath he died like hunted Shanbah,  
With a curse upon his lips.  
Then, swear ye by God and Islam !  
While one Giaour haunts our plains,  
And one tale of blood and outrage  
Written in our blood remains,  
Vengeance !—steady truceless vengeance  
Nurs'd with piety and care,  
Pitiless, undying, bloody !—  
Rose a savage shout—We swear !

---

'The Tell.' This word is applied to the cultivated parts of Barbary.

## The Frank came to Algiers.

CANTO I. PAGE 51.

**T**HE Frank came to Algiers, he said to the Dey,  
 'There's a long score between us, an old debt to pay !  
 What an Englishman threaten'd, a Frank shall perform !  
 Thou hast weather'd the shower—prepare for the storm !'

In spite of professions the Frank settled down  
 In the ruin'd strong-hold of the famous old Town,  
 He built him a nest in the falcon's ærie,  
 And sent word to his brethren,—'Come o'er the salt sea !'

To the free tribes of Afric the tidings are come,  
 'In Algiers there rattles an infidel drum !  
 The fire-ships are there in wide-sweeping array,  
 And the 'Jinns' fight the battles of Christians to day !'

Down came the fierce Arab like hail on the Franks ;  
 But they fled not before him those infidel ranks,  
 Though men from the Desert like whirlwinds came on,  
 And gore-besmirch'd heads on their scimeters shone !

Constantina has fallen, and cowards have sold  
 Their brethren for lucre—their Country for gold ;  
 And the sons of the Prophet grew pale with dismay,  
 For they knew not the true from the traitor that day.

Then spoke Abd-el-Kader,—‘ Let others agree  
To hold their own lands of the ‘ Giaour ’ in fee !  
My sires own’d no master,—no dog for their Lord !  
They have left me their sands to be kept by their sword.

‘ Ho, tribes of the Desert ! the faithful, the brave,  
The Frank keeps the plains,—let the plains be his grave !  
Let the Kabayle’s sure knife and the long Arab gun  
Send his bravest and fiercest to death, one by one.’

In many an ambush, and fortunate raid,  
The gun and the knife plied their desperate trade,  
Till the Frank roar’d with anguish, and raved for relief  
From the sleepless assaults of the vigilant Chief.

Then he said,—‘ Abd-er-rahman, thou shelterest our foe !  
The Moor grinds the sword though he deal not the blow.  
Deliver him bound,—or our cannon shall roar  
At the gate of the City renown’d Mogador !’

Oh base were the slaves that kept Tangier, and base  
The cowards at Isly that wrought our disgrace !  
Surpris’d but not beaten,—betray’d to the Giaour  
By a weak-minded friend in an ill-chosen hour.

Oh ! give me the sword that my forefathers bore,  
Deep-bath’d to the hilt and red-rusted with gore !  
And give me the barb whose fleet pace stops the breath !  
Abd-el-Kader I come ! thy liege-man to the death.

God save Abd-el-Kader, though banish’d he be !  
Though the Frank rule the plains, and the Frank keep the sea ;  
For the tribes of El Gharb from Biskära to Rif,  
Shall arise at the neigh of the war-horse great Chief !

## Peace.

‘ABD-EL-KADER.’ P. 73.

PEACE, lov'd the most when lost, good Angel hail !  
 Whether thou bidest now in straw-roof'd cot,  
 Or deep, in some umbrageous happy vale,  
 Honourest with heart's-ease fair Contentment's lot—  
 Or visitest the Parson clean forgot  
 By his Diocesan, on stipend poor  
 Of eighty pounds a year, come blight or rot.  
 Great are his plans to buy a coat, and pure  
 His tears, that freely fall for griefs he cannot cure.

Ill fares it with the fire-brand conqueror,  
 Who winning cities loseth thee, the while.  
 E'en as he dedicates the spoils of war  
 In yon cathedral's monumental pile,  
 And tatter'd banners rustle down each aisle ;  
 He fears himself ! He fears th'assassin's knife ;  
 The deadly tumbril charged by fiendish guile ;  
 The cluster'd gun-barrels with murder rife ;  
 Converging in one storm against man's curse,—his life.

The decorated myths of old romance  
 How pleasantly these wile away the time !  
 Fair Ladye's woes—the felon knight's mischance—  
 High deeds of virtuous arms—(brave themes for rhyme,)  
 Heard by the music of the village chime

In some cool evening, when the purple hills  
Are dash'd with gold, and breadths of shade sublime  
Traverse the groves, whence Philomela trills  
Her musical complaint of Love, and Lovers' ills.

These are thy charms, sweet Peace ! these amply pay,  
With varied beauties and boon nature's lore  
The simple heart that loves to muse, and stray  
In vale remote, or dell the forest's core,  
When day's fantastic round of gain is o'er,  
And silence reigns,—silence and yon cold Moon,  
Emblem of peaceful change, that hath in store  
More blessings than the mid-day Sun of June,  
For times, when all men's hearts shall calmly beat in tune ;

And wars shall cease—and foes no longer be !  
Whether of colour, circumstance, or race.  
But 'progress' mild subduing earth and sea  
With noiseless effort and soft winning grace,  
Potent alike o'er wet and dry, shall place  
Communication's happy bond for all.  
A Nation's power in carnage none shall trace.  
Navies shall rot in port,—and batteries fall ;  
And rusted cannon peep from Ehren-breit-stein's wall.



## The Slaver.

‘ABD-EL-KADER.’ CANTO II. P. 93.

**O**’ER ‘Benin’s’ unhallow’d waters  
 Lightly skims the demon bark,  
 At her peak ‘the stripes of Freedom,’  
 Steady in her wake the shark.  
 Nobly found, a fairy schooner,  
 Miracle of builder’s art,  
 Venture of some splendid merchant  
 Catering for the godless mart.  
 On her deck a swarm of pirates,  
 Reprobates of every land ;  
 Each man with a brother’s slaughter  
 Redd’ning his accurs’d hand.  
 Vainly toils the baffled cruiser,  
 Plunging through those rolling seas,  
 As the light-heel’d bark to wind-ward  
 Like an evening swallow flees.  
 What are these come drifting slowly  
 In the phantom schooner’s wake,  
 Struggling yet for vile existence ?  
 Man the boats for honour’s sake !  
 Here again !—and there another !—  
 Dropping under murd’rous blow  
 Into the green wave—like wretches  
 When the good ship’s ‘on a low.’

Yet dull Ocean spares the 'slaver'—  
And she nears the Southern ground  
With nine-tenths of her flesh-cargo  
Frenzied, stifled, blind, or drown'd.  
There, they fatten men like oxen ;—  
Judges bandy points, and sell  
For five hundred dollars sinews  
That the buffalo could fell.  
Out upon these yellow planters,  
That in drawling nasal tones  
Cheapen flesh,—and buy their brothers,  
Soul and body, pith and bones !  
Moors at least are easy masters !  
Slaves are ' children of the tent,'  
Not as in the planter's limbo,  
Base machin'ry work'd till spent !

## The Boar of Djurjura.

CANTO II. PAGE 115.

THERE dwelleth a shape upon Djurjura's height,—  
     He is boar by day, and fiend by night !  
 On the rich beech-mast he has revelled it long,  
 And grown up fierce, and sturdy, and strong ;  
                     And a pitiless ' Jinn ' was he !

Before the ' rash ' of his shadowy tusks  
 Corn lands are wasted, melons are husks !  
 They have lain in wait at his midnight feast,  
 They have trail'd sure guns on the felon beast,  
                     But never a trigger press'd,

Though close at hand in the forest glade,  
 Grisly and gaunt loom'd the robber shade !  
 From her watch-tower in Heaven the bright moon shone ;  
 ' Bismillah ! ' they groaned—and the boar was gone  
                     Like a snow-flake from the pool.

---

*' Djurjura.'* There are four great mountain ranges in ' Kabaylia ' (literally Clan Land. The highlands of Atlas.) ' Beni Koufi.' Djerdjera or ' Djurjura.' (written either way.) ' Akfadou ' (a continuation of it,) and Kendirou. The beech is the tree that clothes ' Djurjura.'

The French have divided what they call ' La Grande Kabylie ' into fifteen cantons. The district lies between the ' Ouad Nessa ' (water of Nessa) on the West and the ' Ouad Ageriou ' at the extremity of the gulf of ' Bongiah ' on the East. Carette, vol. 2, p. 113.

*The ' rash ' of his tusks.* A boar, in the good old language of venery, is said to rash with his tusks.

On 'Djurjura's' skirts lies a gard'ner's ground,  
Travel the glens of 'Kabaylia' round,  
More of the pulp, and less of the rind,  
Sweeter than 'Hamed's' no melons you'll find,  
And he watches them by night !

'Hamed' lies close in the shadowy brake  
By the rock over-hanging the deep-blue lake,  
He has heard a splash in the feathery reeds,—  
The bittern's drum ceases,—the duck as he feeds  
Flaps up in the boar-fiend's path,

And he stands in the breadth of the silvery light  
His storm-beaten bristles with old age white.  
He whetteth his tushes,—the saplings shake !  
He snuffs the night breeze, and at last he spake,—  
*'Pray God, there's no treason here !'*

His deep voice startled the lonely glen,  
For in centuries past the 'Jenoun' were men,  
Bloody and treacherous, fiendish and fell,  
Wanderers doom'd for a space to dwell  
Like beasts, where they sinn'd ere-while.

---

The Berber superstition mixes up strangely the presence of the 'Jenoun' or reprobate angels who denied allegiance to 'Soliman Ben Daoud,' the Solomon of the Old Testament, with the nature of formidable beasts. A Berber sportsman will tell you that an old and formidable solitary boar, of vicious nature and predatory habits, not only thinks for himself as if possess'd by a Devil, but expresses himself freely upon certain occasions. This is a wild myth ; but as a matter of fact, it is believed by the Berber. At the utterance of the word 'Bis-Millah !' or 'in the name of God !' the 'Jinn' is compell'd (if he be one) to return to his earthly shape.

There were stars shining bright in the heavens above,  
But from myrtle and arbutus coo'd no dove;  
Yet the croak of the frog sounded not too harsh,  
And the wild-fowl's clack from the neighbouring marsh  
Rose mellow as winds in June.

But 'Djurjura's' boar was restless and wode;  
Hither and thither in wrath he strode,  
Rooting the ground, and mutt'ring his fear,—  
With an eye askance, and a list'ning ear,  
And his nostrils in the wind.

And there in the gloom of the copse-wood shaw  
Loom'd a shaggy mane and a sinewy paw;  
By the monstrous front, and the red eyes' glare  
'Hamed' knew 'him of the yellow hair,'  
As he glided cat-like by

To the fountain's brink, where in grisly mood  
Mutt'ring and rooting the 'boar-fiend' stood.  
Nearer, and nearer the lion crept,  
And the boar rose high as 'the yellow hair'd' leap't  
With a roar on him that night.

---

*'Him of the yellow hair.'* A Berber euphemism for the Lion; who in 'El Gharb,' or what we call 'North Africa,' is a very different sort of customer to the stupid petty larceny lions of the South of that Continent, the 'mother of monsters.' Don Quixote himself could not be more chivalrous, inconsequent, or aggressive than a Lion of Atlas and its neighbourhood; and the tales of their performances in fair fight against their hunters, are indeed marvellous and impressive.

The rip of his tushes is plain to be heard,  
The struggle has waken'd the roosting bird,  
Once and again to the charge he flies,  
And the jackal crew as their Sultaun dies,  
Whine dolorous through the gloom.

With bristles erect and with eyes blood-red,  
He tramples the corpse of the lordly dead ;  
Larger, and larger he waxes now :  
' He'll reach me on this rocky brow !'  
Groans Hamed in his prayer.

He has cast him down on his hands and face,  
And pray'd the prayer for a piteous case  
In the name of God,—and before his eyes  
The 'Jinn' returns to his earthly size,  
And drinks at the sparkling well.

There's a perilous sound in that green retreat,  
There's a murmuring rustle of gliding feet,  
There's a smooth-headed form stealing on to the spring !—  
'Tis the sorrowing mate of the 'yellow-hair'd' king  
In her widow'd royalty.

' Treachery again,' quoth the grisly boar !  
But his bristles were red with the Lion's gore ;  
And the shudd'ring Lioness turn'd away,  
And 'Hamed' the gardener heard her say,—  
What a 'Jinn!' what a monstrous fiend !

And she turn'd away—but in truculent ire  
The conquering felon reviles her sire ;  
As he mutter'd his curse to the tell-tale breeze  
She paus'd in the gloom of the tapering trees  
And her roar awoke the wood.

There glides a cloud o'er the Moon's calm face :—  
'Hamed' might not see, but his ear could trace  
Rip of the tusk and thud of the paw,—  
For the very winds died in conscious awe  
As the boar and lioness met.

Steals the silence of death over all, and soon  
From her vaporous covert sails forth the Moon  
As a light zebecque of the Corsair band  
Sweeps clear of the lift, and loom of the land,  
To the purple Riffian sea.

And gardener 'Hamed' beholds with dread  
The conqueror's paw on the valiant dead ;  
But he trail'd his piece with a murd'rous aim,  
And struck her betwixt those bright orbs of flame,  
And dead on her foe she fell.

There are roseate streaks in the luminous east,  
There's a gathering of fowls to a lordly feast ;

---

'*Reviles her sire.*' A 'Berber' firmly believes not only in the language of Beasts, but their acquaintance with the language of man. At any rate it is certain that opprobrious words properly applied excite immense anger in the hearts of the monsters of Africa. I have myself seen the Hippopotamus that liv'd so long in the Zoological Gardens excited to fury by abusive words utter'd in his native tongue, if it may be so call'd.

And the King of the Vultures is balancing there  
With his loathly court in the morning air  
As Hamed descends the rock.

He has flay'd the 'yellow-hair'd' head and paw,  
He has given the swine to the vulture's maw.  
Better night's work was there never before  
Than gardener Hamed's,—when 'Djurjura's' boar  
And the lion kings were slain.

---

This Ballad is adapted from two stories of Mr. Drummond Hay's—  
viz. the Melon Boar, and the Boar and the two Lions. Hay, p. 24.



## French Littérateurs.

CANTO III. P. 161.

**T**ELL me ! ye whose pens audacious  
 Probe all mysteries of crime ;  
 Fertile in the worst resources,  
 Killing souls before their time !  
 Rioters in lust—on paper !  
 Schemers of more hideous things  
 Than astonish'd nations blush'd for,  
 Ere your foul imaginings.  
 French Romancers ! opium dreamers !  
 Man or woman—' Sand ' or ' Sue !'  
 Evil priest, and unsex'd priestess  
 Of a still more loathsome crew !  
 Tell me, is this generation,  
 (Nurs'd in all your devilish lore,)  
 Wiser, happier, more unshackled  
 Than the serfs that went before ?  
 Watch it, in the glens of Atlas,  
 With the Berber at its feet !  
 Watch it, in the frenzied struggle  
 Of the barricaded street !

To the Election, and the Tribune,  
And the Club, your steps direct !  
Listen to vain boasts of glory  
Strung on blasphemies, uncheck'd  
By the decent frowns of many ;—  
Shudd'ring go your ways, and know,  
'Tis the work that you have fashion'd  
In the study, and bureau !

Harvests following on your seed-time  
Whiten all the plague-struck land ;  
Men's heart fail,—religion falters,—  
Brother's blood upon his hand,  
Stalks rebellion forth at evening ;—  
Slaver-dropping as the snake,  
Mad-dog ruffians of your breeding,  
Crapulous assassins wake.  
At your call they leave their cellars ;  
At your bidding, hurry forth  
To the shambles where a nation  
Antedates eternal wrath.  
Whither have ye brought your fellow  
Men, ye dreamers, and ye knaves,  
With your mouths brimful of cant-words,  
And your throats like open graves ?  
But for your accursed teaching,  
Never had Algeria's name  
Been a by-word among nations,  
And a mighty Country's shame.

Without God you've train'd a people,  
And brought down the fickle Gaul  
To a proletarian level  
That defies ulterior fall !

---

*'Ultrior fall.'* It is my deliberate opinion that the unsettled feverish state of feeling in France is mainly to be attributed to the abominable lessons taught by the popular literature written in its language during the last twenty years. When a healthier state of feeling shall have sprung up, writers of this class will be deterr'd by shame from publishing. 1851.

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After a lapse of twenty seven years, I find my views fully confirm'd ; and in the interval, France has paid but too dearly for her indulgence in this moral poison, by penalties of every sort that can most touch a Nation's 'amour propre,' honour, and pocket. 1878.

## Allee of the Six Fingers.

CANTO IV. P. 191.

**I**N summer-tide when leaves grow green  
 And birds sing on the tree,  
 And everything is bright and sheen,  
 My lover came to me ;  
 And Raymana was happy then  
 With six-finger'd Allee.

The forest was our dwelling-place,  
 The cavern was our home.  
 He look'd into my blushing face  
 And said,—‘ No more I'll roam !  
 No more I'll tempt the sword—fair maid !  
 But vows are, torrent's foam.

They call'd my love an outlaw'd man,—  
 But ever, I am sure,  
 To strip the wealthy was his plan,  
 That he might feed the poor,  
 And lighten somewhat of those ills  
 That stricken hearts endure.

The coal-black mare that he bestrode,  
He nam'd her after me !  
By mountain pass and lonely road  
Men fear'd that mare to see ;  
And Raymana was happy then,  
With six-finger'd Allee.

But far and wide, by glen and glade,  
Strange tales of fear arose ;  
A coal-black mare, a sweeping blade  
Match for a score of foes,  
And whence he comes no tidings say,  
Nor whither Allee goes.

They fir'd the woods ! a furnace roared !  
In drifts red embers came ;  
Before was danger unexplor'd,  
Behind us, smoke and flame ;  
But he slew the boldest in his path,  
As a hunter does his game,

And went out by the dead-man's post,  
An outlaw bold and free ;  
With the two friends he valued most,  
His coal-black mare and me.—  
Oh ! Raymana was happy then,  
With six-finger'd Allee !

## SECOND PART.

There is a cave where cedars weep  
On 'Soultan's' forehead hoar ;  
The child and Raymana are there,  
But Allee comes no more.  
The coal-black mare comes masterless,—  
But Allee comes no more !

The traitor gave the kiss of peace,  
Oh why was Allee born ?  
The traitor gave the kiss of peace  
In bitter guile and scorn,  
And they've bound Allee, and flay'd his feet,  
And left him fast till morn.

They bound him fast with thongs of hide,  
He was too proud to groan :  
And took his good sword from his side  
And left him there alone ;  
But they judg'd of Allee's dauntless soul  
By the mettle of their own.

His bonds are gnaw'd,—his arm is free !  
His eyes like Azraël's glare !  
He stands o'er sleeping treachery  
With knife and right arm bare,  
And dull and heavy fall his strokes  
In the still midnight air.

Roots were his food,—with soothing herbs  
He staunch'd his bleeding feet ;

And day and night he struggled on  
To Soultan's far retreat,  
But the cavern was all desolate,—  
And no wife did he meet.

Hunters had found me in a swoond  
And carried me away ;  
And near me on the cruel ground  
A famish'd infant lay ;  
Oh, but it maddens me to think  
Of Allee's wrongs that day.

He groan'd no groan, he sigh'd no sigh,  
But his strong spirit shook ;  
The coal-black mare came whinnying by,  
She knew her master's look ;  
And he spake her kind, and smooth'd her mane—  
And off her shackles took ;

And wav'd her back into the wood  
For ever wild and free ;  
Thus parted from all earthly good,  
His child, his mare, and me,  
Died Raymana's ill-fated Lord,  
The six-finger'd Allee.

But yet she dwells by wood and wild  
And the fire dries her brain ;  
And yet, she looks to see her child  
And Allee come again ;  
For the coal black mare was never matched  
On desert, hill, or plain !!!

## Honour.

'ABD-EL-KADER,' p. 262.

**H**ONOUR is a glorious vessel,  
 Marvellously frail and fair ;  
 Winning safe through banded armies,  
 Brooking rubs, but no repair.  
 Never on the Mongul's forehead  
 Blazed a diamond, drooped a pearl  
 Richer than this gem, that parteth  
 The true noble from the churl.  
 Store her not like miser's treasure !  
 Use her oft, and keep her bright !  
 She shall be unto thy footsteps  
 Koh-i-noor,—a Mount of Light.  
 Fear no covert breath of slander,  
 Shrink before no downright blow,  
 Bear her to the front of battle  
 For a beacon to thy foe ;  
 Lustrous in herself she sleepeth  
 In the chill November haze ;  
 The same gem that scatters lightnings  
 When a thousand torches blaze ;  
 From her very core must issue  
 Any film that dulls her rays.



Blood, the recipe of Captains,  
Blood,—can never cleanse the stains  
Where a consciousness of treason  
Rotting at the heart remains.  
Casuist's base money, speeches  
Framed to every hand and eye,  
May pass current with the million,  
Utterers fairly know they lie !  
Shepherds of a Nation's glory,  
Guard the treasure, keep it pure !  
Paltry shifts may bolster commerce,  
Loss of honour beggars cure.

## The Last Stanzas of 'Abd-el-Kader.'

(THE SERVANT OF FATE.)

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CANTO VI. P. 307.

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**C**HIEFTAIN ! when thy sire proclaim'd thee  
 Islâm's bright returning star ;  
 And 'the Tribes' consentient nam'd thee  
 To a throne in Mascara ;  
 When thy name's undying glory  
 Furnish'd every minstrel's theme,  
 And thy brethren bow'd before thee,  
 Like the 'sheaves in Joseph's dream ;'—  
 Prophet ! when thy voice awaken'd  
 Every sleeper in the land,  
 And the sacred war of races  
 Kindled up at thy command ;  
 Vengeance nurs'd it—Santons preach'd it !—  
 It was rooted deep in right ;  
 Kept alive by bitter memories,  
 Kept in heart by Macta's fight.  
 Europe's eye was full upon thee !  
 Europe saw thee toil and bleed ;  
 Men of courage prais'd thy daring,—  
 Patriots bade thy cause God speed !  
 Hadst thou waver'd in thy virtue,  
 Had thine honour known eclipse  
 In the butcheries of rancour,  
 Or the blot of truthless lips,

We had known it here in England ;—  
Sorrowing we had turn'd away,  
As a father, from his first-born  
Wander'd hopelessly astray.

Never was a truer soldier !  
Wiser head, or keener hand ;  
For the rights that Freeman value  
Never was a nobler stand !  
Thirteen years, thou man of battles,  
Thirteen years by wood and wild,  
(Like thine elder type Jugurtha,)  
Thou didst dwell in arms exil'd.  
Breathing war,—preparing vengeance,—  
Often trapp'd—but Sultaun yet ;  
With thee rose the Sun of Afric,—  
With thy waning glories set.

Not for the Titanic sinews  
Of that World-convulsing hand ;  
Not for all those mighty foot-prints  
Burn'd into each gasping land,  
Not for all his fame, who plunder'd  
Nations with the most applause,  
Would I give my Nomad Emir,—  
His true heart, and righteous cause !  
Leave me but this sterling hero  
In L'Amalgue's ungen'rous gloom ;  
And go scatter, an it list ye,—  
Amaranth on Napoleon's tomb !

Know these children of the Desert !  
 Know them in their tents aright !  
 For their faith is strong in treaties  
 As their scimetars in fight :  
 Not for diplomatic cavils,  
 Nor for pitiful finesse,  
 Dare these break the word of promise ;—  
 Christian, shouldest thou do less ?

Meteor ! that I watch'd in rising,  
 Follow'd in thy bright career,  
 Studied with a Bard's affection !—  
 Islâm's hope—the Frenchman's fear !  
 Many a time and oft, reluctant,  
 Wavering in hand and will  
 Have I dash'd this record from me ;—  
 Powerless—for I lov'd thee still.  
 Borne upon the wings of fancy  
 I have stood beside my Chief  
 In the stillness of the Desert,—  
 And the leaguer of ' Errif,'  
 In the Deira, and the council,  
 And the battle, and the flight ;  
 And I leave him now—a captive  
 In defiance of all right !

Haply, at some distant period,  
 When by God's fore-shadow'd plan  
 All the Nations shall be gather'd  
 In one brotherhood of man ;

And the noble English language  
Shall be read in many lands,  
As the water-ring of knowledge  
In a widen'd sweep expands ;  
Some contemplative Numidian,  
(Unbeliever then no more,)  
Stretch'd in shrubbery of Atlas,  
Pleas'd shall con this legend o'er ;  
When the Bard shall long have journey'd  
Past the bourne of fleeting time,  
And those bells have knell'd his passing,  
That now glad him with their chime ;  
When 'equality and freedom'  
Party words no more shall be,  
But fair facts to govern Nations  
Spell-bound in fraternity.  
With a thrill of kindly fervour  
Shall the Berber pause,—and say,  
'There were hearts that did us justice  
In that miserable day!'

## L'Envoi to 'Abd-el-Kader.'

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PAGE 322.

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**G**o, little book—and if thou may'st attain  
 That giddy height where 'Louis' sits awhile,  
 Tell him,—that mercy suiteth gentle strain,  
 And cunning frameth ill with princely style.  
 The specious art to gloze, the covert wile  
 Like spider's web opposeth small delay,  
 When fiery justice deals with tutor'd guile;  
 And King and Minister are swept away,  
 Borne by th' uproarious flood they plotted to embay.

For see how righteous Heaven repays such craft :—  
 Mark, how the cunning elders toil'd askew !  
 Was this the King and Minister that laugh'd  
 When England's Queen embark'd for Château d'Eu ?  
 Better have listen'd to that Lady true,  
 Than entertain her plotting foul deceit !  
 From Philip's quiver sped the shaft that slew  
 His well-nurs'd dynasty ;—and judgment meet,  
 Clutching forbidden thrones, the schemer lost his seat !

School'd in adversity the Monarch rose !  
 Tried by Republican assay of Kings,  
 Scap'd from the guillotine's licentious blows,  
 (Touchstone with which the page of History rings,)  
 'Peace's Napoleon' should have prun'd his wings,

And foster'd truth ;— for sure 'twas plain long since ;—  
When Nations call for reck'ning, hand that brings  
Falsified Register, right well may wince ;—  
In that disastrous day when cunning saves no Prince.

Nor yet is Albion wholly conscience-free,  
Though she be nurse of Saxon enterprise ;  
Challenging place wherever roars the sea,  
And proud St. George's flag unquestion'd flies ;  
Though she be energetic, shrewd, and wise,  
Somewhat of wonderment must intervene  
When grave diplomatists in sober guise  
Claim,—as old fee-farms of our Island Queen,  
Whatever savage lands her captains say—they've seen !

Six yards of bunting float, and pleasant fiction,  
(Because a naked freeman owns the soil,)  
Possession's taken,—follow'd by eviction.  
Eftsoon colonial camp-kettles boil  
Under each tree ;—Oh Nimrod, thou didst spoil  
Poor man and beast, the first, in thy 'razzias ;'  
And then they call'd thee 'hunter !'—word of oil !  
And since thy date, in spite of groans and tears,  
Oppression rules the day, and flattery soothes Power's ears !

Yet doth the Saxon element dispose  
The lands it conquers under mildest sway ;  
Improvement follows quick on sturdy blows,  
And poor men walk erect in face of day,  
No greedy tyrant doth them bind, or slay

As folly or cupidity dictate.

Laws are supreme, and commerce toils away,  
Her hard-earn'd gains secure, (or small or great,) 1  
For under this new rule Fair Justice guides the State.

The foul 'Razzia,' name for vilest deed  
That man's ingenious wickedness e'er wrought;  
Man-stealing pest of poor illusion free'd;  
That decks with bloody laurel scars war-bought;  
Gaul's white-hair'd Marshal hath the system taught!  
'Pelissier's Raid' yet lives in penal fires:—  
The rebel tribe in treacherous cavern caught,  
Charr'd limbs, chok'd infants, dames, and maids, and sires,—  
All this stirs Berber blood, and truceless hate inspires.

Thus at the close of nineteen dismal years,  
Writ in unflinching warfare's blackest page,  
Droops the corn-land;—the flock no farmer shears  
Secure from Bedouin craft and Kabayle rage;  
In out-door toil few colonists engage.  
Beneath the grim stockade their tasks they ply,  
Like foreign birds secure in wicker cage  
From prowling falcon, or grimalkin sly,  
Or ever-cunning fox that watches deftly by.

Thousands have perish'd in this ceaseless strife!  
Numidian zealot, and light-hearted Frank,  
Nor sued for eleemosynary life!  
The page of mercy in these wars lies blank;  
Nor stay'd the knife from youth, or sex, or rank,



Except to vary tortures worse than death ;—  
Disgrace so deep, the fallen wretch might thank  
The fierce nocturnal wolf that ministreth  
Burial obscene,—and scarce awaits the dying breath.

Nineteen long years, and yet so little done !  
So little for the cause France vaunts so high.  
Forts bristle with the teeth of many a gun  
Pregnant with missives of humanity ;  
Fraternity like this shows all awry !  
Where is the progress of our new creation,  
The crimson scheme of social liberty  
Devis'd by men of slenderest reputation  
To tickle groundlings' ears, and flatter ' the Great Nation ?'

Far be from me the task to slander fame  
Of man or nation in malignant spite ;  
Yet is no conqueror assoil'd of blame  
That holds his foe in thraldom against right :  
Troth should be fix'd as the Pole Star, once plight !  
Honour impeach'd wounds more than battle lost !  
D'Aumâle's smooth promise was a world too light  
Into the balance with self-interest toss'd ;—  
And Abd-el-Kader knows how little fair words cost.

*The King who schem'd deception for our Queen,*  
And prompted Guizot with that lean pretence  
Ignobly foisted on poor Aberdeen,

---

' *The King who schem'd deception for our Queen.*' In the year  
1843, on the seventh day of Sep<sup>r</sup>, The Queen of England accepted the  
specious hospitalities of King Louis Philippe, and became his guest

Against the tooth and stomach of plain sense ;—  
 (Who would have thought a Scotchman's wit so dense ?)  
 Furnish'd his wife with papers, quills, and ink,  
 And bade her post elaborate defence,  
 Of all maternal rigmaroles the pink,—  
 Of which, as ladies' work, I say not all I think.

Say, did the same vicarious hand indite  
 The gloss that fritter'd D'Aumâle's pledge away ?  
 The Sire revers'd the son's conditions quite ;  
 Mowing down promises like grass in May ;  
 Or house of cards demolish'd in boy's play.  
 L'Amalgue replaces Mecca,—walls restrain  
 Numidia's Emir in his evil day ;  
 Too late he finds that promises are vain,  
 When conquerors decide as Macchiavels explain !

at the Château d'Eu. During this visit the question of the Spanish marriages was discuss'd, and both sovereigns disclaim'd any intention of aggrandizing their own families by that alliance. Queen Victoria kept her promise like a Queen and an Englishwoman without guile or mental reservation. It was otherwise with the 'Napoleon of Peace.' In a letter which her husband caus'd her to write, Sep<sup>r</sup> 8, 1846, Queen Marie Amélie broke the 'fait accompli' of the Spanish marriages to Her Majesty in these phrases. 'The marriage of our son Montpensier with the Infanta Louisa Fernandez will add to our domestic happiness,—the only happiness in the world which is real, and which you, Madam, so well know how to appreciate.' The Queen of England in her memorable and dignified reply, very properly refuses to discuss the question of 'real happiness,' and begs Queen Marie Amélie to recollect the promises and engagements made at the Château d'Eu, adding — 'You can easily suppose that the announcement of this double marriage caus'd us the deepest surprise, and most keen regret.'

But thou whom lucky turn of Fortune's wheel  
 (Back'd by the prestige of a Titan's name)  
 Hath call'd from banishment, men's hearts to steal  
 And justify Napoleon's hero-claim,  
 Perpetuate not this legacy of shame !  
 Dare to keep troth with friend, and faith with foe !  
 Look to thy meed of honourable fame ;  
 Might is not paramount !—and rulers show  
 Much craft, to purpose small, who pay not all they owe !

Trust thine own heart ! 'twill counsel thee aright !  
 Herein take lesson from no cautious friend !  
 Policy fears the worst,—and statesmen plight  
 Faith seven-fold deep to compass trivial end.  
 Be thine the task such littleness to mend !  
 Open the fortress ! set the pris'ner free !  
 To Mecca let the weary pilgrim wend :—  
 The only boon he craves is Liberty !  
 And rests his only hope, Pris'ner of Ham, on thee !

Go, little Book ! I bid thee lightly speed,  
 For thou hast lighten'd many an unkind hour !  
 Poets make their own worlds ;—and little heed  
 The down-right register of sun and shower ;  
 In Fancy's dreams, untoil'd for starts the flower !  
 She lifts the primal curse that festering clings  
 To frail mortality, sin's penal dower.  
 Sweetest in darkness Philomela sings ;  
 Then choose the world of song, and envy not Earth's Kings

## The Prisoner of Amboise.

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JAN<sup>RY</sup>. 8, 1852.

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**I**N a castle old, neglected,  
 With his eyes upon the ground,  
 And his righteous prayer rejected,  
 And his gallant right arm bound ;  
 Sits a brave chief, a true chief,  
 'A man of war and woes,'  
 A captive to the fortune,  
 Not the sabre of his foes.

'Good jailor, ope the window !  
 Let me drink the cheering blast !  
 What ! will thy master hinder  
 The South-wind rushing past ?  
 Place me nearer ! place me nearer !  
 Hail, stranger, flashing free  
 From Sahara over Atlas  
 To breathe thy balm on me !

'Come tell me of the mountains,  
 The rivers, and the glens,  
 The valleys, and the fountains  
 That once were my free-men's !

Tell me a tale of gladness  
That I shall never see !  
And cheer my spirit with the breath  
Of mountain liberty.

‘ Here, like a woman weeping,  
I sit, and doze, and dream ;  
Watching the barges creeping  
Up Loire’s reluctant stream :  
But my heart is with the Deira  
And the black wand’ring tent !  
Oh trust my honour, Louis !  
And for thy fame relent ! ’

A stir was in the castle-yard,  
He stoop’d his glance, and there  
With lion-skin for housings  
Paw’d and neigh’d the coal-black mare.  
And his liegemen gather’d round her,  
And a shout was heard below :  
‘ Hurrah, the Berber Emir  
Is free to come and go ! ’

## The Watchman.

BENTLEY'S MAGAZINE.

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1848.

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'Watchman! what of the night? Watchman! what of the night?'

**W**HILE men sleep of care regardless, lightly slumb'ring out their fill,  
Sits a warder late and early watching by the beacon hill.  
'Watchman trusty, watchman sleepless! reader of the signs of night;  
Strain thine eye-balls through the darkness! comes the storm, or  
breaks the light?'

'All around is dark and dreary—wrack and storm are driving past!  
Blacker than Egyptian darkness sits to windward on the blast!  
To the North I hear them stirring in the primal forest-wild,  
Nations in their new-born earnest restless as a fractious child!  
Where the great '*Teutonic Brethren*' prick'd crusading through the  
waste,  
And the Pagan hordes retreated by the glorious Cross displac'd,  
Till the deadless swamp, and ombrage of the deepest, sternest wood  
Only, gave precarious shelter to the native warriors' brood;  
Where in pride of Bastile grandeur Teuton 'Magdeburg' looks down  
On a mighty sweeping river, and a fretful servile town,

---

'*The Teutonic brethren.*' This was a brotherhood of knights who conquer'd  
and reduc'd to a certain sort of civilisation the pagans that inhabited the country  
since call'd 'Borussia' or 'Prussia.'

'Elbe' and 'Oder!'—from your waters surge a mighty people's throes,—

Pedant 'Fritz's' smooth descendant, State Empyric, quacks their woes.

From their souls they rend the rivets,—royal rivets,—hollow words ;—

As strong 'Samson,' in his waking, burst the seven-fold toil of cords.  
Roar they like the madden'd 'Aurochs' as he snuffs the tainted air,  
When a mighty rival 'Aurochs' crushes forward to his lair,  
Stamping, pawing in their anguish'd energetic fierce disdain  
That Convention's laws should bind man, soul and body, in a chain ;  
Through such weary nights of Ages profitless as 'Marah's' spring ;—  
Where the people is the shadow, and the substance is the King.'

'Watchman, is it sooth thou sayest ? Look again into the night !  
Further, further through the darkness !—See'st thou there no coming light ?'

'North-away I see a mighty swarm of Nations stand array'd,  
Arm'd and ready for the struggle,—yet none bares his battle-blade.  
Myriads from the frosty 'Zero,' myriads from the fertile plains  
Where the sober blood discreetly saunters through Sclavonic veins.  
Myriads from the 'Don' and 'Volga'—shepherd-dogs of Russia's tribes ;

Ready as 'Darius' Scythians with their lances and their jibes.  
'Tunguse' archers from the 'Lena,' where primeval Mammoths freeze ;—

Hardy 'Fins' and dwindled 'Lapons,'—Tartars from the Chersonese ;—

'Aurochs.' The bison of Europe. It still exists and is preserv'd by the 'Czar' in the marshy forests of 'Lithuania.'

From the fiat that once was 'Poland' comes a melancholy crew !  
 From 'Prometheus' ice-bound prison stalk Circassia's captives few.  
 Looming in their front a presence noble as the shade of Saul,  
 Towers in autocratic grandeur, head and shoulders o'er them all.  
 He the master—he the mover—holding by a viewless band  
 The sixth part of men dependent in the balance of his hand !'

'Watchman fearful ! Watchman dreary ! Look again into the night !  
 Further—further in the darkness !—See'st thou yet no coming light ?'

'East-away where 'Danube' wanders, thorough 'Steppe,' and  
 thorough Fen ;  
 'Croat' fierce and 'Magyar' noble (met in quarrel) play the men !  
 All around them lurid watch-fires—all around them smoking heaps,  
 Where the village stood so lately that the widow'd mother weeps.  
 Honour to paternal rulers ! not an oak but bears its freight  
 Of rebellious peasants swinging in the service of the State !  
 Honour to exalted 'younkers !' in scholastic ranks array'd,  
 To do battle with the 'Mighty' for the shadow of a shade !  
 Wherefore all this coil, good people ?—for the delegated rule  
 Of a 'Mayor of the Palace,' and the birth-right of a fool !  
 For Opinion stifled duly,—for poor Liberty's demise,  
 For Germanic aspirations rotting out in prison-sighs ?  
 Woe unto the noble people in whose halls an Empress Queen  
 (Mother of this line of puppets), suppliant with her child was seen :  
 'Moriatur ! moriatur !' 'tis the Magyar's gathering cry !  
 Then it was—'Pro rege nostro,'—now 'tis, 'For ourselves we die !'

'Boding Watchman ! cheerless Watchman ! Look again into the  
 night !  
 Deeper, deeper in the darkness !—see'st thou there no coming light ?'



'Southward up a mighty rumour, parent of the coming day,  
Growls and threatens as an earth-quake when 'Vesuvius' forges play.  
Once again the 'Seven-hill'd City,' muzzled oft and much be-fool'd,  
Casts the slough of priest-craft from her,—fierce as when the 'Rienzi'  
rul'd.

All her scarlet-mantled rulers, partners in the 'triple Crown,'  
Old excrescences of worship, feeble mummeries, go down !  
He their idol—he their wise one—bearer of St. Peter's keys,—  
Muffled in a garb domestic, faint, with none pursuing, flees.  
Strong in labour, true to training, grudgers of inane display,  
Such a people were the Romans in the first Republic's day :  
Weak of purpose, bitter railers, untaught, treacherous and vain ;  
Such a people are the Romans now they think to rise again.  
Babblers for Italian Empire, whither are your strong men fled ?  
'Tis the law of self-existence, that the hand should guard the head.  
Pale 'Arminius' with his legions looks sarcastically down  
On a kindly *German warrior* winning back your iron crown ;  
Sees an old man, (not yet weary of his eighty stirring years,)  
Trimming boaster's flaunting projects with his military shears ;  
Sees a mighty coil of prattling loosen'd by a sturdy stroke ;  
Such as 'Alexander's' falchion dealt upon the 'Gordian yoke.'  
Learn then to be wise and sober,—learn to lose and dare again !  
Strong Opinion walks before you !—loosening ev'ry tyrant's chain !'

'Watchman ! is it sooth thou sayest ? Look once more into the night !  
Nearer, nearer in the darkness !—See'st thou there no coming light ?'

'Nearer still, I see a people ever loving notions strange ;  
Still a-building, ne'er completing ;—foot-ball of perpetual change.

---

'*German warrior.*' Field-Marshal 'Radetzki.'

Tickled by the feather 'Glory,'—vassals of a 'dead-man's name,'—  
Every dext'rous knave cajoles them with his green-wood smoke for  
flame.

Tattlers, talkers, busy-mockers, poets, theorists, and thieves,  
Each prescribes in jest or earnest, while the Social body grieves ;  
Each in glorious sounding phrases to his fellow-fools proclaims  
That 'the World' is looking on them ! Yes !—their house has  
been in flames.

Each will lead a captive audience so he leave the beaten track ;  
Careless, if he win their plaudits, in what plight the fools get back.  
'Blanquist,' 'Montagnard,' 'Icarian,' levellers of ev'ry grade,  
Wander up and down complaining in the waste themselves have  
made ;

But the burgess, heavy-laden with democracy's arrears,  
Sighs at home for something stabler than the empire of his peers.  
Rulers throwing glamour over simplest rules of right and wrong,  
Prove a windfall on the sudden—cunning seldom prospers long.  
That found he—the man of wand'rings who so lately slunk aside,  
Unregretted, now forgotten,—boating it with sword untried ;  
That found he,—but leaves behind him grievous store of weightier  
things

Than the maintenance of systems and the 'déchéance' of Kings.—  
Anger, hatred, bankrupt coffers, fear, and jealousies, and spite,—  
Military rule before her,—from our Neighbour comes no light !

'Watchman ! yet once more I call thee ;—Look again into the night !  
Haply from yon Western Ocean's Eldorado comes the light.'

'Gold is there, and lands for asking,—younger energies than ours :'  
Wond'rous plants enamell'd brighter—fertilis'd by milder showers.

Wilder talk and quainter phrases,—ready symbols of new things  
That severe discoverers founded flying from our Stuart kings.  
Mightier floods and longer cause-ways, forests measur'd by degrees ;—  
Rolling pastures more unbounded, fairier islands, purpler seas !—  
Yet withal a sterling venture from our 'Anglo-Saxon' stock,—  
Unencumber'd with the trappings (Crown and Peers) and debt the  
rock.

Man, the truest source of welfare, thither teeming Europe sends ;—  
Elbow-room for countless millions makes light taxes and fast friends !  
Thither fruitful source of discord tyrant 'Libya' sends the slave !  
Little light that sorts with Honour travels o'er the Western wave.  
They are young—and we are aged—ours are customs cherish'd long ;  
Twin'd and twisted as the grain that makes our hedge-grown oak so  
strong.

'Tis not ev'ry sand that's golden !—every sea that crusts with ice !  
Nor does ev'ry seaward gale from 'blest Arabia' teem with spice !'

In this World-wide consternation, in this fall of States and Thrones,—  
Mid the din of arms and tumult,—woman's wail, and warrior's  
groans ;

While 'the Stars are falling round thee,' and 'the sun and moon are  
blood ;'

And 'the sea and waves are roaring,' as they roar'd in Noah's flood ;—  
Strong in self-humiliation, sorrowful—but nothing scar'd,—  
With thy loins for action girded—oh ! my Country ! watch prepar'd !

## The Operative's Legacy.

BENTLEY'S MAGAZINE.

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FEBRUARY 29, 1849.

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**M**y son! my little drooping child! mankind's last path I tread:—  
 A little longer—and the moulds lie turfless o'er my head.  
 A few more sighs—a groan or two, set teeth and clenched hands,—  
 And the poor slave of 'calico' before his Maker stands!

'I've seen in this unhallow'd town colossal fortunes rise,—  
 While I have gnaw'd the crust of toil, and quench'd my youth with  
 sighs.

I've watch'd the track of heartless gain from penury to wealth;  
 Bale upon bale—and pile on pile—built up on poor men's health.  
 Oh! envy not their sleepless nights in villas rich and rare;  
 Garnish'd with tasteless ornament, brave stuffs, and costly ware.  
 Seething in vapours fat with death the ragged infants ply  
 Their sixteen hours—reduc'd to ten,—hurrah for sympathy!  
 Droop, droop,—drop, drop!—how speedily into the shallow grave,  
 Where the rank 'God's acre' festers, and the grasses never wave!  
 What! though our masters speechify on Trade's unfetter'd blessings;—  
 While they bind us and they grind us,—what boot their lip-caressings?  
 'Tis the soul too and the body that must pander to their will;—  
 Our tyrants make one hiring of the person and the skill.

A score or thirty winters of enterprise in trade,  
And 'strikes' and speculation,—and the monster fortune's made !  
He quits the town a 'millionaire,' and seeks a distant Shire,  
And buys a landed property and sets up for a Squire ;  
And the poor-man in the village, and the 'cottar' on the hill,  
And the hanger-on about the Hall, and the widow by the mill,  
Say,—'Times are sorely alter'd since the memorable day  
When the good 'decay'd old Family' with blessings pass'd away !'

A day of steam ! a time of steel ! the fling of new ideas !  
An age of artificial life and riches wrung from tears !  
The verdure's blotted from the earth, the gases taint the breeze,  
And foliage droops supinely from the lank and smoky trees.  
The coal-shaft peeps out grimly from a waste of wither'd thorn ;  
And vitriol's death-dews blister the lean and hungry corn.  
On the 'bight' upon the moor-land, i' the gullies shelter'd deep,  
In the little 'close' beside the wood—a score of slattern sheep.  
A 'cadger's' donkey browses between the yellow 'furze,'—  
A 'fighting bull-dog' grins among the mob of village curs :—  
The garden door hangs open into the miry way,  
Where, yet too young for mill-work, a gang of infants play.  
Tall taper chimneys pointing (unhallow'd Mammon's spires,)  
To where our 'rich ones' worship the greed that never tires.  
Each 'passer-by' tells plainly as flesh and blood can speak,  
Of license for the 'bully' and hardships for the weak.

Oh for the ruddy faces that crowd the rustic street !  
The well-trimm'd 'plat' before the door, the white-wash'd cottage neat.  
With lattic'd window opening out on trellis-work of flowers,—  
The China rose and jessamine,—alas they die on ours !

The village green with cricketers—the blacksmith's open door,  
Where busy gossips muster when working time is o'er.  
The bench for travellers' comfort set beneath the spreading thorn  
Where the 'Squire's Arms' hung creaking long, long ere he was born.  
The foot-path leading past the church, and near the good old Hall,  
And crossing the clear trout-stream by the rushing waterfall.  
Sweet, healthy, cheerful beauties, that lavish Nature throws  
O'er hamlets not yet trade-blown,—where still the violet blows,  
And the nightingale is heard o' nights in the thickets of the lanes ;  
And the 'collar-bells' are jingling from the farmers' market-wains.

The sick'ning whirr of straps and wheels—I hear it in my sleep ;  
'Twill haunt me i' the church-yard, an ye make not my grave deep !  
I see the surly task-master in peevish anger stand,  
To tax the slips of vacant mind, and rate the faults of hand.  
The task that withers us and ours is measur'd by the day ;—  
Not by the gently lapsing years of unperceiv'd decay.

Thy mother was an orphan child unfit for life's turmoil ;  
Few spar'd for her the kindly word that blunts the edge of toil.  
She grew to years unnotic'd by the profligate and vain ;  
An operative unit in the busy sum of gain.  
For many a year I watch'd her droop, long time of hope bereft ;  
She bore me sons and daughters—but thou alone art left.  
And now I'm passing from thee,—this thready pulse of life  
Must beat a little longer, and the mourner joins the wife.

Beware, my son, of 'clubs' and 'leagues'—mistrust the specious  
tongue.  
There's a way of filling coffers by manufact'ring wrong.

Let them follow up misfortune to the dismal red-brick street,  
Where the stricken hand and faded heart in bitterness retreat,  
To rot within a stone's-cast of the speculator's hall,  
Who draughts them off remorseless as the foreign markets fall.  
There's full fling for our 'leaguers' in the hovels of the poor ;  
Let them shoulder scrip and budget and trudge from door to door.  
And leave 'Mechanics' Institutes' and evening 'Halls of Trade,'  
Where, cramm'd with disaffection, the working man's betray'd.  
They're a strong class—our masters ! a wordy and a loud ;—  
Resourceful in their grievances, and plausible, and proud.  
And a fashion's come in lately, a truckling to the cry  
Of a novel hybrid element—' the Calicocracy.'  
Draw near, and mark !—while riches are the guerdon of intrigue  
And interest prompt our leaders—my son, distrust a league !

## The See of Hereford.

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JANU. 2, 1848.

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SAYS 'Russell' to 'Hampden'—our names, (odd enough,)  
 Stand good in all ages for patriot stuff:  
 Though the sea treated 'John' ill, be guided by me,  
 And no storms shall keep 'Dickson' from Hereford's see.  
 The descendant of 'William' stakes that much upon  
 His family love for the namesake of 'John.'

Says 'Hampden' to 'Russell,' if Churchmen are fiery,  
 We must give them a touch of disus'd 'premunire.'  
 Your Oxford divines are an obstinate set,  
 As Hampden the M.P. or R.P. e'er met.  
 Would you really believe it? for more than six years  
 They've lock'd up their pulpit, and block'd up their ears.

Says 'Russell' to 'Hampden,' leave their goose to me!  
 I can cook it!—meanwhile 'Dickson Renn' take the See!  
 Says 'Hampden' to 'Russell' with unction—aye! marry!  
 But then came the Bishops *S. Oxon, E. Harry,*

---

'Renn Dickson Hampden' had been before his elevation to the see of Hereford for six years Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, but they would not listen to him. His office was a sinecure. They said—'he was not orthodox,' and so finish'd him off at once.

Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford. Harry Phillpott, Bishop of Exeter.



Who met and discours'd of the 'congé d'élire,'  
Embodied their scruples, and stated their fear  
In a pamphlet by Harry, (for writing's his forte,)  
As long in good sooth as the answer was short ;  
For never since 'Job' was a batch of advice  
Dispos'd of, next post, by reply more concise.  
But a Bishop's wet blanket will not quench a Dean,  
So the Chapter House too must exhibit its scene,  
Where it seems the poor Church's old mantle of black  
Was very nigh rent from her reverend back ;  
Such pulling, and hauling, and riving ensued  
'Twixt the Dean and his Chapter, inclin'd to be rude.  
But numbers, as numbers do most times, bore sway,  
And 'Russell' and 'Renn Dickson' carried the day.  
Then 'the Globe' shouted loudly—'He never had said it !'  
And 'Oxon' discover'd 'he never had read it !'  
And as for proceedings—'how could he have meant 'em ?  
And felt overjoy'd that he yet could prevent 'em ;'  
With other fine sayings that prove him to be  
A very fine pleader of fiddle-de-dee,  
Wise enough for a Court, and too good for a See.  
Now to make this remarkable quarrel complete,  
And insure every Pagan amongst us a treat,  
Let 'Hampden' and 'Russell,' those patriot names,  
Revive 'Harry's' Statutes, and 'Queen Mary's' flames :  
Since the Dean has preferr'd what Whigs (placeless) would style  
'A citizen's right, to a Minister's smile.'

## The Woburn Bucolic.

'THE PRESS.' PUBLISHED IN 1852.

### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DAMÆTAS	.	.	<i>Francis Seventh Duke of Bedford.</i>
DAMON	.	.	<i>George Fourth Earl of Aberdeen.</i>
LYCIDAS	.	.	<i>Lord John Russell.</i>

'Et vitula tu dignus et hic.'

A SOLEMN pair renown'd for tiresome strains,  
 (Long-winded rivals on Arcadia's plains,)  
 Damon and Lycidas, did lately meet  
 By stealth, at old 'Damætas' country seat.  
 He gave them lodging, and he made them dine;  
 He fill'd their cups with mighty middling wine;  
 He bade, for party ends, their wrangling cease,  
 And join'd their noses in the kiss of peace.

### DAMÆTAS.

Friends! (for I call you friends, your feuds laid by,)  
 'Tis business prompts this interview, not I!  
 For who but fools or patriots maintain  
 A barren quarrel—when there's aught to gain?  
 To him who most forgets, and most forgives,  
 And least abash'd by antecedents lives,

This 'staff of office,' apt for jobs, I bring ;  
So banish coyness, and proceed to sing !  
Blazon your special deeds ! your fires arouse !  
And shake the laurels that adorn your brows.

DAMON.

Well I remember when, (before the Peace,)  
I sought thy ruin'd fanes, dismantled Greece !  
On my return a learned book I writ,  
'Wilkins' approv'd, and 'Murray' publish'd it.

LYCIDAS.

And I, selecting from my 'waifs' and 'strays,'  
Bound up a little faggot of 'Essays ;'  
'Arrouca's Nun,' pure maid of snow and flame,  
I gave my Country,—but withheld my name.

DAMON.

Serenely snug, on good old Tory Bench,  
Ere Liberal freaks gave 'good old times' a wrench,  
Of 'Foreign Policy' I learn'd the trick,  
And won th' ingenuous heart of 'Metternich.'

LYCIDAS.

Long time I toil'd the Patriot's wreath to win,  
But my heart fail'd me, and my legs grew thin.  
Kind Heaven at length vouchsaf'd a wondrous cure,  
In 'six and thirty lines' by 'Thomas Moore.'  
Ere 'Villiers' spoke, or 'Cobden's' League was born,  
Or 'Peel' veer'd round, I lov'd free-trade in corn ;  
And thus turn'd over an enlighten'd page,  
Years in advance of this presumptuous age.

LYCIDAS.

Call'd young and vigorous to direct the storm,  
I smote 'the Tories' with complete Reform.  
Unshrinkingly resolv'd no job to spare,  
I left 'the Whigs' a Borough here and there.

DAMON.

When 'Queen Victoria' o'er the waters flew  
To join the King of France at 'Château d'Eu,'  
She took me with her great renown to win,  
'Louis Philippe' and 'Guizot' took me *in*.

LYCIDAS.

I wrote to 'Durham's Bishop' o'er my wine,  
And 'no surrender' breath'd in every line;  
Cooler next day, and less pugnacious grown,  
Like a wise man I left 'Wiseman' alone.

DAMON.

When vex'd Athena saw the British Fleet,  
Anchoring unbidden at her polish'd feet,  
Incensed, with reason, at so base a blow,  
I spoke my mind of 'Don Pacifico.'

LYCIDAS.

When burly 'Corydon' last year made free  
T'acknowledge 'Louis' without leave from me,  
I did not leave the matter long in doubt,—  
But first turn'd him, and then he turn'd me out.

## DAMETAS.

Cease, tuneful pair ! for lo the sun descends  
And this great contest undecided ends.  
To each a separate prize my skill awards,  
And glads 'the Commons,' as it cheers 'the Lords.'  
You, 'Damon,' to our League shall give your name,  
At once alighting on the peak of Fame.  
You, Lycidas ! whose pen has lately stain'd,  
With ruthless ink whate'er of 'Moore' remain'd,  
Con over Cobbett ! study Murray's page !  
And re-appear the Phoenix of your age ;  
A great 'Subordinate,' call'd forth to lead  
The Commons House unoffic'd and unfee'd.

## The Minister's Congé.

'MORNING POST,' JAN<sup>RY</sup>. 6, 1852.

How gallantly, how merrily,  
 We glide down Rotten-row !  
 Our 'Exhibition' over  
 And 'Paxton' made 'Sir Joe.'  
 At home our 'New Reform Bill,'—  
 Abroad our old device  
 For dipping British fingers  
 Into other people's pies.  
 All Europe knows our triumph,—  
 Strange shapes around us sweep,  
 Moustach'd things come to look at us,—  
 The 'Haynaus' of the deep :  
 In our wake, with loud addresses,  
 Follows 'Finsbury's' bold shark :  
 Oh proud must be 'our Minister'  
 Of his approving mark !

Oh proud must be 'our Minister !'  
 (Though he look pale to day),  
 Of twice two hundred staunch M.P.'s  
 That will his call obey ;  
 That spoke for him, and voted  
 Like Britons, (right or wrong,)   
 What time for Don 'Pacifico'  
 He pitch'd it in so strong.

Oh ! would I were our Minister,  
To order with a word ;  
To ' bottle hold judiciously,'  
While Radicals applaud ;  
I'd shout to yonder shark there  
That flounders in our lee,  
' Some day I'll make thee stepping stone  
To my new Ministry !'

' Our Minister ' grew busier  
The more the tempest blew ;  
Still work'd he all the merrier ;  
And smil'd upon his crew ;  
And he blew a kiss to ' Brummagem,'  
And one to ' Finsbury,'  
Till at last he saw the treason,  
That was gathering in his lee.  
He winc'd ! 'Twas but a moment !  
For speedily the pride  
Ran crimson to his heart, and  
All ' Russells ' he defied.  
It gave firmness to his purpose  
And direction to his pluck ;  
And he look'd like some grim pugilist  
That's down upon his luck.

One morn we went to Windsor,  
(But not to see the play ;)  
And we knew our fine ' old Minister '  
Had gotten his ' congé.'  
And we heard the buzz of whispers,  
Though nothing could we see,

But a smile upon 'Grey's' features  
At this,—'grand fait accompli.'  
For hours we sat bewilderd,  
And next day in the Gazette,  
The name of a new 'Minister'  
(In black and white,) we met.  
And never from that moment,  
Do we wish again to see,  
A 'Finsb'ry Deputation' Shark  
Come flound'ring on our lee.

---

'The Finsbury Deputation' to congratulate and encourage Lord Palmerston was the means of putting the said Lord out of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs; but he found an occasion shortly afterwards to upset the then Prime Minister, Lord John Russell, and ultimately became himself one of the most popular Prime Ministers, English History can show.



## A Kaffir Eclogue.

JANRY. 24, 1852.

KIT, 1st Kaffir (*dressed in a red coat, a cocked hat, and a spy-glass*).

KAT, and ditto (*dressed in a pair of regimental trousers, tied cloak-fashion round his neck*.)

*Scene,—the Bush.*

KIT.

Ho, Kat, old fellow, any sport?

KAT.

I've bagg'd

Nine head of cattle, and a white that lagg'd.

In vain at me his musket he presented;

Here 'tis! worth nothing!—not the last invented.

'Twill do to frighten crows, eventual end

Of all the playthings that their Ordnance send.

KIT.

This coat behold! I stripp'd it from the dead;

And took this cock'd hat from a British head.

Thanks to the Missionaries and the Quakers,

(In charitable commerce hot partakers,)

We're full of powder now, clean, dry, and strong;—

And shall be full of Minié guns ere long.

But what's the news from England, gentle sir?

Hast had a line from our Commissioner?

KAT.

Sir Harry Smith (who bade us kiss his toe)  
Has got a wiggling and a hint to go.  
They say that folks in England think it queer  
That we are lifting cattle in his rear.  
I have it also from the same sure quarter,  
That Grey (our foe) is just now in hot water.  
My correspondent then goes on to say,  
'The war costs them four thousand pounds a day,  
And hopes we do it cheaper ;'—otherwise,  
'He'll give a twelvemonth's credit for supplies !'

KIT.

Considerate man ! Well, this I must declare,  
His offer's most ridiculously fair !  
Your English merchant is a trump indeed,  
And fills his pockets, let who may succeed.  
Tell him that Kat will take a thousand stand  
Of Minié muskets for his private band ;  
The price depending on the next convoy  
Our arms may scatter, or our arts decoy.

KAT.

But, Kit, I trust the colonists won't rise !  
Our light-heeled clans these scarlet troops despise ;  
But a Dutch *roër* slily traversing  
Behind a waggon's quite another thing !  
And sorry should I be to see them change  
The British musket for its sweeping range.

---

'*Roër*,' Large rifles used by the Dutch boers.

Our hills are strong, our Kaffirs hard to hit,  
 Our thorns are nam'd with reason *wait-a-bit* ;  
 But spite of hill, and thicket, gorge, and glen,  
 Then we must kiss his toe :—but not till then.

KIT.

Kat ! thou sayest well ! But when did Kat not hit  
 The target's centre with his ready wit ?  
 I leave thee now ! for know, a drove of kine,  
 (Real out-and-outers, most uncommon fine),  
 Are on their way to victual Somerset ;  
 Tho' he love beef, he hasn't got it yet.

KAT.

Bravo, my Kit ! but steady ! listen ! listen !  
 I see (a mile off) their red jackets glisten.  
 'Tis an advance in line ! a grand attack !  
 Therefore, my friend, good morning,—we'll fall back.

*[Exit KIT and KAT by different roads ; in a short  
 time the report of firearms is heard in the bush,  
 and a British officer (in a red coat) is carried to  
 the rear badly wounded.]*

JOHN DAVIS.



# THE DELUGE.

A SATIRE.

BY

VISCOUNT MAIDSTONE.

*Dedicated to the Electors of Westminster.*

'Our men in buckram shall have blows enough,  
And feel they too are 'penetrable stuff';  
And though I hope not hence unscath'd to go,  
Who conquers me shall find a stubborn foe.'  
*English Bards, &c.*

**Third Edition.**

CHAPMAN AND HALL,  
193 PICCADILLY.  
1858.

VOL. II.

P

## A FEW WORDS OF EXPLANATION.

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IN the year 1852 I stood for Westminster as a supporter of Lord Derby's government; and in my address to the Electors were the following words. June 26.

'I hope to see Lord Derby's government in possession of the confidence of the People, and a majority in Parliament! For after him, the Deluge!'

This expression was not a little taken hold of at the time, and the succeeding state of things came to be call'd 'Lord Maidstone's Deluge.'

The Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> Thomas Babington Macaulay thought fit to allude to it at Edinburgh, about the end of Oct<sup>r</sup> 1852, and receiv'd a letter from me reminding him of some of his own short-comings. Sir James Graham too in his speech at Carlisle, Jan<sup>y</sup> 2, 1853, (when the catastrophe had taken place, and Lord Derby had been forc'd to resign by a combination afterwards represented by Lord Aberdeen's famous 'Coalition government,' which prov'd such a lamentable failure) says—'Let me in the first place congratulate you upon our safety. Lord Derby's government is overthrown but the Deluge is not come yet. We are not all swept away.'

The chief part of the Whig and Radical Press having thought fit to attack me in the most offensive manner in consequence of the course I pursued in vindicating my political convictions; and the Westminster Electors having preferr'd the claims of Sir John Shelley and General Evans to mine; (which to tell the truth were only advanc'd at the last moment, and partook of the nature of a forlorn hope;) I determin'd to fight it out with them all in the lump; and for this purpose publish'd my own version of 'the Deluge,' which I dedicated to the Electors of Westminster. It was but a political squib after all, yet it seem'd to have found out some of the enemy's weak points, for I was greeted with such a chorus of howls, and such a flood of abuse upon its appearance, that I had no difficulty in ordering a third edition to be printed. The original Satire has been curtail'd considerably, as many of its allusions are no longer of interest, and it has been, I hope, improv'd.

I wrote a Preface to the second Edition, in which a friend is represented as endeavouring to put an end to the contest, but unsuccessfully. With that I shall now begin. 1878.

## PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

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A.

HOLD, stop him ! caught at last,—‘ My worthy friend,  
Is this a quarrel then without an end ? ’

B.

‘ Without an end ?—Why that depends on freak,  
As ‘ Grey’s colonial policy ’ on pique.  
Quarrels are parlous things,—and may arise  
From anything that crawls, or walks, or flies ;  
A tramping Helen, or an injur’d state,  
A tyrant’s head-ache, or a eunuch’s hate ;  
An idle word in jest or anger spoken,  
A block-head’s noddle, or a king’s faith broken ;  
Quarrels are manifold ;’——

A.

‘ Agreed ! but pray,  
Why in the name of prudence court a fray ?  
Why pull down ‘ Landor ’ from his curule chair,  
And crown with fool’s-cap those who plac’d him there ?  
Why cuff the critics in relentless sport,  
Or try ‘ Macaulay ’ in his own pack’d court ?  
And like some fabled Paladin engage  
Alone, with every monster of the age ?  
’Tis a rash venture !’——

B.

'True ! the cost I know ;  
But honour prompts, and justice deals the blow ;  
And something still to a good cause I owe !'

A.

'Against a thousand banded blades you fight !  
And many say—The Press must sure be right ;  
For if 'twere otherwise it would not sell !'

B.

'Amend your instance ! or affirm as well  
On crab-tree stocks because some pippins grow,  
And winter decks some thorns with mistletoe,  
Because Virgilius did somewhere extol  
Geese as the Saviours of the Capitol,—  
All geese are nightingales in Paphian bower ;  
And crabs, in general, anything but sour !  
'Cobden' is right ! in spite of all their vapour,  
'Tis 'news' not 'principle' that sells a paper.'

A.

'Yet, 'tis a power against which none may stand !  
The only tyrant left on British Land.  
'Time'-serving Statesmen in its office wait,  
And Soldiers fawn, and Judges hesitate,  
Lest word or deed of theirs should lead to strife  
With 'The necessity of daily life.'



B.

' From an oppressive master lies appeal  
To the plain truth, which in their hearts men feel.  
*That* Court alone the genuine issue tries,  
And, without favour, Censorship supplies.'

A.

' Now for the Critics ! Why affront their power  
Who make the favourites of the varying hour ?  
Who rightly manag'd in the usual ways,  
Grant tinsel crowns, and imitation bays ;  
But ' burke ' in silence and in spleen his books  
Whose tongue ne'er falters, and whose knee ne'er crooks.

B.

' Where learning, taste, and judgment all combin'd  
Meet in one accurate and noble mind,  
With reverent thanks the critic's rule I own,  
And with submission listen near his throne.  
But when the freaks of accident send forth  
Men of small learning and of slender worth,  
To drive a roaring trade in praise or blame,  
To mete out calumny, and discount fame ;  
Making a rotten borough of the Press,  
Above ' commissions ' and beyond redress ;—  
Judges and Court with equal scorn I spurn,  
And to your verdict, generous Public, turn.



## The Deluge.

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**N**ow comes the Deluge ! said I not, friends, right ?  
 Hurrah for Cobden ! and three cheers for Bright !  
 Heads are revers'd where tails were wont to be,  
 Mountains are islands, continents a sea.  
 From every quarter streams of faction flow,  
 Darkness above, and chaos down below.  
 Brooks swell to torrents ! sudden springs boil up !  
 Each paltry furrow lends its brimming cup ;  
 Till every river God, last year so dry,  
 Becomes 'Aquarius' with profuse supply.

The rock where late a battling Titan stood  
 Now makes a whirlpool in the rising flood.  
 Alone, and hopeless, but still unsubdued,  
 He watch'd the waters in their maddest mood ;  
 On shabby raft disdain'd the hint to fly,  
 And when his time was come, remain'd to die !

---

*'A battling Titan.'* The Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> Edward Geoffrey Earl of Derby, then Prime Minister.

*'Hint to fly.'* After the issue of the Elections in 1852, (which it soon appear'd were unfavourable,) it was hinted or suggested to Lord Derby that he should resign without meeting Parliament ; a course which he declin'd to follow ; partly mov'd by his own undaunted temper, and partly deceiv'd by the professions of his political opponents that they would give his ministry a fair trial. What that fair trial was, has now become a matter of history.

Nor late, nor long uncertain did he bide,  
 For in volcanic waves arose the tide ;—  
 And with it, rav'nously dispos'd, there came  
 Monsters with open jaws, and eyes of flame.

The great 'Sea Serpent of the League' was there  
 With teeth like harrow's, and 'Consols' for hair.  
 'Thrashers' from Erin, Carlisle water-snakes,  
 That love to tear the living flesh by flakes ;  
 'Peelite Medusæ' various and complex,  
 'Mancestrian sword fish'—sharks from Middlesex,  
 While looming large with formidable tail,  
 Scholastic Rhedycina sends her whale.

The Titan did not blench—his falchion wrought  
 More deeds of death than when Orlando fought.  
 Another Homer might describe his blows,—  
 But ever as he fought the waters rose :  
 Till surging high above the topmost stone,  
 Titan, and combatants, and rock were gone !

Then over all the World deep waters spread,  
 Bearing frail barks, or corpses of the dead.  
 Men who once hop'd in salarièd ease to live,  
 As long as Ministries had ought to give.  
 Bodies of Parsons, and 'downright' M.P.,  
 Borne on the list for places, pensions, sees.

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'Consols for hair.' Cobden's testimonial money was invested in the three per cent consols.

'Downright M.P.' Of this sort was Shippen, call'd 'downright Shippen,' the persistent opponent of Sir Robert Walpole, and the only man he never succeeded in bribing.

At times a Christmas ox comes drifting by,  
 Anon some 'trimmer' with an anxious eye,  
 While 'Broker gulls' in gibb'ring circles wheel,  
 And Hebrew petrels wish indeed for 'Peel.'

But not all nature mourns the dismal scene,  
 Nor views with grief the disappearing green ;  
 Complacent phocæ (placemen) now abound,  
 Who love the Deluge that invades the ground.  
 So that some cove remain, some sandy shore,  
 Where after dinner they may roll and snore,  
 These calves of Proteus are content to view  
 Cities submerg'd, and Nations ruin'd too.

But now I drop this allegoric masque,  
 For graver satire, and a sterner task.

E'en as I write, perhaps the 'travell'd Thane'  
 Sits in conclave with 'Russell' and 'Delane.'  
 The 'Times,' good weathercock, has rattled round,  
 And feels the gen'ral pulse with looks profound :  
 As thus—'Good people whom it may concern,  
 From us both modesty and wisdom learn !  
 Where twelve aspirants to one place appear  
 But one can win,—eleven must lose,—that's clear !

'The travelled Thane.'

'First of the oat-fed phalanx shall be seen  
 The travelled Thane, Athenian Aberdeen.'

*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

'Delane.' Editor of the *Times* Newspaper.

Then need we say to patriots, Be good boys!  
And if you're disappointed, make no noise !'

See where they come ! what wrangling chokes the street !  
How steams the lobby when our patriots meet !  
Each man 'Achitophel' in his own eyes,  
And like his type unprofitably wise.  
How can it work ? unless by magic spell  
The disappointed hang themselves as well !  
'Wood'—'Goulburn'—'Græme' rush forth—and each unlocks  
With desp'rate key the Nation's money-box.  
To this free-fight Athenian Aberdeen  
Looks on in silence that conceals his spleen ;  
And sees, in their fraternity made plain,  
A bitter fore-taste of his future reign.

Now came the leader of that veteran band  
The Whigs, that rul'd so long our Fatherland :  
(A little 'clique,' a 'coterie' drawn dry,  
That courts no entry, and brooks no supply.)

'*Hang themselves as well.*' The end of Achitophel, who in Dryden's poem is thus mention'd.

'Then seiz'd with fear, but still affecting fame,  
Usurp'd the patriot's all-atoning name.  
So easy still it proves in factious times  
With *public seal* to cancel *private crimes*.'

*Absalom and Achitophel.*

The first quarrel in the Coalition ministry arose between Mess<sup>rs</sup> Wood and Goulburn, and Sir James Graham, who each wish'd to be Chancellor of the Exchequer.

'*Leader of that veteran band.*' 'Lord John Russell,' who had been himself Prime Minister.

To lead the Commons (as before) his aim ;  
But Gladstone hesitates, and doubts his claim.  
Splitter of hairs, a 'schoolman' staunch was he,  
In mode, in tense, in figure and degree.

These two 'the Thane' in trembling balance weighs,  
Computes their value, and defines their praise ;  
Finds 'Russell' peevish, injudicious, bold,  
A little careless, and too prompt to scold.  
Finds Gladstone subtle, sober, and precise,  
But nurs'd by Oxford in distinctions nice ;  
Acting perforce against his natural friends,  
But hoping still to mould them to his ends.  
The balance trembles with this pond'rous freight,—  
Now Gladstone sinks, now Russell gains in weight,  
Now pause the fatal scales,—till settling fair  
Russell preponderates by half a hair.

O'er this decision Rabelais might smile,  
Or Sancho gloat in Barataria's isle ;  
But thou, 'sad chief,' hast Palmerston to coax,  
And old dismissals to pass off for jokes ;  
Thine own notorious snubbing to forget,  
With other sallies of our Grecian pet ;

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*'Russell preponderates.'* A new office or rather a new post was invented expressly for Lord John Russell ; he was made Leader of the House of Commons, but without office or salary.

*'Thine own notorious snubbing.'* Palmerston's well known charge of 'antiquated imbecility' brought by him against Lord Aberdeen in consequence of a speech of his made in the House of Lords, June 18, 1850.

Who greatly conversant in Foreign matters,  
 Consults no colleague, and spares none who chatters.  
 Say, melancholy 'Peer,' without fresh bile  
 These old 'vendettas' can'st thou reconcile?  
 Nepenthe's hard to find—forgiveness worse!  
 And Statesmen kiss the sweetest when they curse.

Moss-trooping 'James!' the beeves that make thy broth,  
 Must come from England and from Scotland both!  
 Hail, veteran rider! with the batter'd jack  
 And tatter'd plaid on thy marauding back!  
 Ready in foray,—stiff in stour to stand,—  
 A 'reiver' from the 'Waste of Cumberland!'  
 In days gone by such free-booters as thee  
 Came at the last to visit '*Hairibee*,'  
 But now, so changed the times, to represent  
 Caerleon's ancient town in Parliament.

His arduous task see 'Newcastle commence,'  
 By losing temper without finding sense.

'*Hairibee*.' The place where Moss-troopers, caught red-handed, were  
 'justified,' or in other words hang'd, by the orders of Lord Dacre, Belted  
 Will Howard, and other high-banded Wardens of the English Marches.

'See Newcastle commence.'

House of Lords, Dec<sup>r</sup>. 20, 1852.

'To the statement of the noble Earl (Lord Derby) I (the Duke of Newcastle)  
 give my most emphatic, but I hope courteous denial. The noble Earl  
 stated that from the very commencement of the Session there had been a  
 determin'd endeavour by different parties to upset his Government, and he  
 refer'd to the speech of a right honourable Baronet in another House to prove  
 that an attempt had been made to form a combination, by which the Govern-  
 ment were to be prevented from bringing forward their measures. Now the  
 very opposite of that statement is true.'

This speech was delivered on the 20<sup>th</sup> of December, and on the 22<sup>nd</sup> of



While Gladstone harping on the same dry score,  
Writes 'Philomel's complaints to Phillimore.'  
'We are not factious! no!—forbid it, Heaven!  
We have no dealings with such worldly leaven!  
Difference in our opinions none can quote;  
We only differ when we come to vote!'

So far, so well!—but tell me now about  
Unlucky 'Gyas,' and 'Cloanthus' stout!  
Worthies whom Virgil laudeth but to lose,  
Who dine with Humphrey, and with Hobson choose.  
Where are the 'Greys,' who long provok'd a smile?  
And Labouchere, and excellent 'Carlisle?'  
Some done, some down, some diddled,—all displeased,  
At once of office and of salaries eased.  
Where's Scriv'ner 'Wilde,' and 'Jock' our cannie Scot,  
Who writes so pleasantly of what he's not?

But, worthy Thane, why strive with fruitless toil  
To mix Whig vinegar with Peelite oil?  
Shall coalition thrive, or firm jog on  
With Calvin, Pusey, Wiseman, and Lord John?

the same month appear'd a letter from Mr. Gladstone to Doctor Phillimore harping on the same string.

'My dear Phillimore,—

It causes me no surprise to learn that the unwarrantable statement of Lord Derby, to the effect that his defeat on Thursday last was the result of a concert or combination between the friends of Sir Robert Peel and other political parties, should have caus'd much soreness among those who supported me at the late contested election at Oxford. I have not the least hesitation in stating to you that it is a fiction,' &c. &c.

'What he is not.' Chancellor. Both Wilde and Campbell were afterwards elevated to the Woolsack.

Thyself and Gladstone in one loving Co.,  
 With Russell, Temple, Molesworth and Keogh ?  
 Say, could not Bedford's Duke by Woburn's stream,  
 Where late ye met, strike out some saner scheme ?  
 A happier family than this devise,  
 With larger drafts upon the Whig supplies ?

But what avails an armoury of scorn ?  
 The Coalition's form'd, the mouse is born !  
 And here it comes, poor thing, with train increas'd  
 By the whole 'nine-fold' of the 'blatant beast.'

And first, behold a corporate shape triform,  
 The most notorious of th' Ephemeral swarm !  
 Junius in style, in courage, and disguise,  
 With more than his indifference to lies.  
 In public-house, and 'Privy Council' move  
 The busy 'Cyclops' of this City Jove ;  
 On every stage its mask'd associates tread ;  
 Through every Club its tale-bearers are spread.  
 Call it to council ! pander to its pride !  
 Earliest intelligence in reams provide !  
 Then banish doubt, anxiety, and shame,  
 Until thy fall be near, 'twill back thy game :

'*The blatant beast.*' See Spenser's '*Faerie Queen*,' Canto 12, Book 6.  
 It had a thousand tongues, but—

'Most of them were tongues of mortal men  
 Which spake reproachfully, not caring where or when.'

'*Corporate shape triform.*' The Council of the '*Times*' is said to consist  
 of the chief proprietor, the council, and the Editor.

'*Privy Council move.*' How right I was in my charges, has since been  
 amply shown by the publication of the journals of Charles Cavendish Fulke  
 Greville in the year 1874, by Henry Reeve, Registrar of the Privy Council.

Prove all the common-sense of England wrong,  
Sand-ropes coherent, coalitions strong,  
Peelites trustworthy, sly Tractarians sound,  
Whigs self-denying, and 'Charles Wood' profound.

Next comes the 'Chronicle,' diffuse, perplex'd,  
Touchily, and classical, and lightly vex'd.  
In whose laborious froth we recognise  
A shallow round of amateur supplies ;  
Light-hearted lambkins who, with freshness in't,  
Gambol in copy, and bound high in print ;  
Seniors who give good measure press'd down,  
And only in its flavour cheat the Town.

Of three Ephemerals Palmerston can boast  
The 'Globe,' the 'Sun,' and last the 'Morning Post.'  
Take up with 'Newman' when sweet 'Jenkins' fails,  
Latest to wag of Tiverton's three tails !  
Tractarian slipslop for court circles vend,  
Kiss Pusey's toe, and call Pope Bennett friend ;  
But think not long thy trashy files to save,  
From 'Fonblanque's' mercies, and an early grave.  
And thou, great zany, that with bell and book  
Would'st marry 'Phœbus' to 'Eliza Cook ;'  
Desist from task unhappily begun !  
'Phœbus' has no connection with the 'Sun !'

Now for th' 'Examiner !' we'll pass him too,  
For all his dragon writhings in review ;

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'The Chronicle.' The 'Morning Chronicle,' long since defunct. Its Editor was an Irishman whose name I forget.

Of censor's robes his wither'd back we'll strip !  
And, as to Titus Oates, apply the whip.  
Plead not secession ! but come, stand the brunt,  
Worthy successor to imprison'd Hunt !  
Who never lost occasion for a sneer,  
Nor ever loved a Lord, nor spared a Peer,  
Save him alone who fiercely rules the roast,  
Where Severn wanders under Berkeley's coast.  
Notorious finder of pretended jobs,  
In conscience Hopkins, and in credence Hobbes,  
Late at the bar of tardy Justice stand,  
And in the 'yellow leaf,' hold up thine hand !

With anxious stoop, and bargain-driving eye,  
The staid 'Spectator's' patriarch hobbles by.  
Canniest of Scots, grown old in love of pelf,  
He, to save siller, writes each scrap himself.  
A very prudent, but scarce lively feat,  
Which future editors will not repeat.

And these are they, forsooth, who simp'ring sit  
On office stools, and hold the Courts of Wit ;  
Who bridle Pegasus, make Clio stare,  
And push Apollo from his awful chair.  
Then, shall I listen on while 'Landor' flings  
The rules of grammar at the heads of kings ?  
Or fair 'Eliza' of the shears and paste,  
With namby-pamby drugs the public taste ?  
Is the art critical indeed so light,  
That all can censure though so few can write ?  
Shall taste's fine standard in their hands be plac'd  
Who never knew the discipline of taste,

Nor ever brought to recommend their part  
One genuine feeling of a noble heart ?

Did punier muse than ' Jeffrey's ' ever whine,  
Dress the dull stanza, spin the labour'd line ?  
Or heavier bard than stout Macaulay pack  
Livy's old lists on Pegasus's back ?  
And if thus miserably fail these two  
Time-honour'd critics what shall others do ?  
The monstrous brotherhood of Dunciad ink,  
Hacks for a meal, and hirelings for ' a drink ?'  
Still some will say,—Why crush the viper's breast  
Pillage the wolf, or storm the dragon's nest ?  
To these I answer—There will still be times  
When indignation finds or fashions rhymes ;  
In these for satirists a lyre is strung ;  
And Gifford's soul rebell'd, before his tongue  
Wither'd the flower of Della Crusca's strains,  
And dried the source impure of Pasquin's gains.

But after all, what spell do these possess ?  
What means this boasted empire of the Press ?  
Shall it write ' Wordsworth ' up, or ' Byron ' down ?  
Reform, control, or long mislead the Town ?  
Shall daily puffs from swift oblivion save  
Alfred's late dirge o'er British Arthur's grave ?

' *Livy's old lists.*'

' Aunus from green Tifernum,  
Lord of the Hill of vines ;  
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves  
Sicken in Ilva's mines ;' &c. &c.

*Lay of Lars Porsena.*

Q

VOL. II.

Or starch'd review and meddling magazine  
 Heighten one charm of dear 'Evangeline?'  
 No! in the mind, beyond their reach, is placed  
 A surer guide, instinctive natural taste;  
 This sets the masses ever right at last,  
 When Time finds leisure to revise the past.  
 Then how shall folks who cannot make or mar  
 One little poet tether England's car?  
 And for 'his' sure success their words engage,  
 Who drives at 'sixty-nine' the public stage,  
 And starts full gallop, while old women scream,  
 With all our fortunes, and a bolting team?

No! spite of 'Forsters,' 'Rintouls,' and 'Delanes,'  
 The kiss of concord, and the flux of brains,  
 The nice adjustment of the slow and fast,—  
 This 'Cabinet of Whims' shall hardly last!  
 For as, in 'happy families,' your owl  
 — When darkness reigns is still the noisiest fowl,  
 So when the night of politics sets in,  
 His ancient chaunt shall Palmerston begin;

'*Their words engage.*' The Press was pretty generally united in wishing success to Lord Aberdeen's hybrid venture, and promising it a great career. Like Ahab's prophets, they were loud in their exhortations to him, to 'go up to Ramoth-Gilead and prosper.'

'*This Cabinet of Whims.*' Some of the occupations of the officers of Queen Whim's Court were fanciful enough.

'I then saw a number of the Queen's officers who made blackamoors white as fast as hops, just rubbing their stomachs with the bottom of a pannier.'

'Others shear'd asses, and got long fleece wool.'

'Others out of nothing made great things, and made great things return to nothing.'—*Rabelais*, 5th Book, 22 chapter.

'Tu-whit, tu-who,' shall scare the Puseyite dove,  
And beak-and-talon work succeed to love ;  
The rat shall squeak, the chattering magpie call,  
Grimalkin mew, and doubts confound them all.

Let 'Aberdeen' declare with dismal ease  
His Cabinet a nest of,—what you please ;—  
Lib'ral Conservative, or Tory Whig,  
'Red' without risk, Mahometan with pig !  
And ask—'D'ye think 'Lord John' and I don't see,  
I 'Peel' in him, he 'Pitt' or 'Fox' in me ?'  
Let him pronounce among 'his tittering peers,'—  
'*All foreign policies the same for years !*'  
And beg a lengthen'd blessing on the work  
Which fuses Pusey, Peter, and the Kirk.  
Let him commend to tastes not strictly Scotch  
That monstrous 'Coalition,' a hotch-potch,  
Where lean Whig cutlets meet in one tureen  
With peas from Oxford, kail from Aberdeen,  
And other garnish which the Muse knows not,—  
Secret but strong ingredients of the pot.

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'*All foreign policies the same for years.*' There may have been differences of execution, but the foundation of the foreign policy of this country has, I repeat, been for the last thirty years the same.

'I declare to the noble Earl that in my opinion, no Government in this country is now possible but a Conservative Government ; and to that I add another declaration which I take to be indubitably true, that no Government in this country is now possible but a Liberal Government. I never should have thought of approaching my noble friend the Member for the City of London (Lord John Russell) unless I had thought that he was a Conservative ; and I am sure he would never have thought of associating himself with me unless he thought I was a Liberal. These terms may be convenient to keep up for the sake of party elections, but the country is sick of '*these distinctions which have no real meaning.*'—Lord Aberdeen's Speech, House of Lords, Dec. 27, 1852.

Replete with British sentiment and wines,  
Let Halifax applaud, while 'Charles Wood' dines ;  
But oh !—don't yet compel us to admit,  
'Fox' in his heart identical with 'Pitt ;'  
That all distinctions are an idle name ;  
And nought exists—but the 'odd hits' and shame.

Woe worth the day ! when, (sacrifice too dear,)  
'Peel' weigh'd the buoys of many a warning year !  
Those mute exponents of forgotten sands,  
And sunken rocks, laid down by practis'd hands.  
Here in the Channel too he quench'd the light,  
And left us struggling with Cimmerian night ;  
Extinct through him, Consistency no more  
Flings her bright radiance from the British shore ;  
But curs'd Expediency's uncertain beam,  
Deludes the mariner with treacherous gleam.  
Yet every-where he stands in pompous grace  
At the street corner, in the market-place ;  
Bronze, granite, marble with each other vie  
To give his attitude, and ape his eye,  
Who sacrificed his friends for short repose ;—  
And slew his party to disarm his foes.

And now the rags of his old gaberdine  
Come by descent to good-man Aberdeen :  
An 'Optimiste,' who very fondly hopes  
From Coalition sands to furnish ropes.  
Safe shall he wander through the Deluge dark,  
With all the beasts at riot in his ark ?  
How shall the self-denying lion pass  
A friendly morning with the pert young ass ?



Or old wife's canniest contrivance pen  
Reforming Reynard, with an Oxford hen ?  
No ! stubborn Nature's universal law  
Forbids the wolf eat hay, the tiger straw ;  
And though a miracle once kept them quiet,  
Restrain'd their tempers, and reform'd their diet,  
We dare not hope for similar good news  
Of Aberdeen's experimental cruise.

But thou, my Country doubly warn'd, beware  
Of Agag's soft address and jaunty air !  
Distrust the knee with pliant sinews strung ;  
And the light silver of a statesman's tongue !  
Let common things their ancient names resume ;  
And rescue truth from Caledonian gloom !  
Then ' faction ' once again before our eyes,  
Shall start up—' faction,' not ' self-sacrifice !'  
And ' Mr. Plausible ' shall not pretend  
With ' qualified support ' to serve a friend ;  
Nor tax our time and patience to suppose  
That Whig and Tory can be aught but foes.

## Free-Trade Hexameters.

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1850.

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'Yes! 'tis a comfort, when we see such nice good  
Gentlemen as John Bright, and Sturge, and Cobden,  
Leaving their own jobs, and like jolly tinkers  
Clouting the Country.'

*Anti-Corn Law Lyrics, No. 1.*

---

μηνιν διειδε, θεα, Πηληϊάδεω 'Αχλλῆος  
ούλομένην. ε. τ. λ.

'Tell me the meaning, oh Muse! of 'Peel' upsetting his old friends.'

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### THE CONFUSION IN AGRAMANT'S CAMP.

**T**HEN came trooping together the brown-booted sons of the Farmers;  
Larger and broader were they than lank-bellied spinners of cotton  
Sodden in vap'rous mills, and husky with 'dust of the Devil'  
News had startled the camp that 'Peel' had gone over to 'Cobden.'

First and foremost appear'd 'George Bentinck,' tamer of horses!  
Ah for the Fate that has ravish'd his shining light from among us!  
Next him stood array'd the marvellous Author of Tancred.  
Mighty was his bow,—and sharp as a sword were his arrows!  
Him in by-gone days had 'Robert the Wily' rejected  
When he might have been won,—and never made man such a bad hit.

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'*Dust of the Devil.*' For an account of 'Devil's dust'—Shoddy—'Mungo'  
and other manufacturing tricks, see Mr. Busfield Ferrand's speeches.

Few beside these two had 'gift of the gab' at their bidding;  
 Though the rest were staunch, and much accustom'd to grumble;  
 But the Devil a bit could one of them utter in public:  
 All their speakers had fled, and gone with a wanion to 'Cobden.'  
 'Mack' at Ulm was a joke to this unaccountable treason;  
 So was 'Julian' of Spain, and later General 'Georgëy.'  
 Weary time it was with the brown-booted sons of the farmers;  
 Yet they stood up stiff, like dyke in the marshes of Holland,  
 Though false rat has min'd its base, inundating the corn-fields.  
 Strong was the beef that was in them,—and 'Never say die' was their  
 motto!

O'er against them stood, in confidence hard to be beaten,  
 Fresh from 'League bohea' the truculent visage of Cobden.  
 'Joseph Hume' came too, and Colonel 'Peyronnet Thompson!'  
 Worthier they of a tub than 'ci-devant' 'Orator Henley!'  
 Facts they coin'd off hand, and drew for 'their figures' on fancy.  
 All their stock in trade were ruinous dear at a florin  
 Coin'd by 'Master Shiel' without God's grace i' the minting.  
 After them came trooping wags of innumerable crotchets,  
 'Bright,' belligerent Quaker, and moonshine morosoph 'Wilson.'  
 'Villiers' too that got i' the scuffle monkey's allowance,  
 Though he carried the bags o' Free-Trade longer than any,

*'Without God's grace.'* Richard Lalor Shiel, was at length gratified with the reward of patriotism in the shape of the Mastership of the Mint. He signaliz'd himself by striking the new coin, a florin, without the words 'Dei gratiâ.' It was a singular omission much commented on at the time.

*'Moonshine morosoph Wilson.'* Editor of the 'Economist' Newspaper and a great authority with the Whigs and Free-Traders.

*'Villiers.'* The Right Hon<sup>ble</sup> Charles Villiers, who advocated the abolition of the corn-laws long before 'Cobden' and 'Bright' were heard of.

Up the slipp'ry path that leads to honour and 'consols.'  
 These all throng'd to the call of 'Robert the Wily' of Tamworth :  
 Foemen three months since, but now the pride of his army.

Round himself there gather'd his myrmidons, hardily gulping  
 Whatsoe'er it pleas'd his Royal Highness 'Achilles.'  
 'Cardwell,' and 'Gladstone' the soft, and 'Graham' solver of red-wax.  
 These were ready enough, and bent to do penance in white sheets,  
 When and where it pleas'd the great Dictator o' Tamworth.  
 Single example he, of Minister brought up all standing,  
 Under a cloud of canvas, making a fair-weather passage.  
 Soon he took to his prayers, and wantonly started the cargo :  
 Over it gurgled the surge, below it Polypi turn'd out.  
 Who shall fetch it thence, as 'Schiller's Diver' the goblet?  
 All these mighty men, and well-train'd power of bluster,  
 Came array'd against the friends they lately deserted.  
 Treason led the way, confusion follow'd amorphous.  
 Each man doubted each, whatever his previous speeches.  
 Hansard was no guide to Parliamentary changes.  
 Nathless, stiffly stood the brown-booted sons of the Farmers ;  
 Sorely plied indeed by Free Trade arrows in volleys,  
 Charg'd, at every turn, by spinning Knights of the 'Jenny,'  
 Stunn'd by Corn-Law League, and 'Times' more busy than any ;  
 Yet resolv'd to fight as long as the spirit was in them.  
 How they fared the Muse shall tell on another occasion.

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'Consols.' Cobden's testimonial. Seventy thousand pounds were subscribed by his admirers and presented to 'Cobden;' while 'Charles Villiers' (the pack-horse of Free-Trade) was pass'd over by his friends in their hour of triumph.

'Solver of red-wax.' Sir James Graham—Master of the Post Office—was said to have caus'd letters to be open'd, and re-sealed.

## THE MEASURE.

THEN stood up, with pomp, the great 'Dictator o' Tamworth,'  
Many words he spake, but stripp'd of glossy palaver,  
In plain Saxon English, this was the sum of his speaking !

' If I might suggest to that respectable party,  
By whose votes I hold, to me 'a burdensome office,'  
That which serv'd the sire will not go down with the children.  
Commerce must be coax'd, and England won't pay a bread-tax !  
My poor 'sliding scale' is worse than a pot with a hole in't !  
' Cobden's ' told me so !— and he's the man for the ' masses.'  
Once ' transition ' pass'd and Free-Trade well in its saddle,  
All things must be cheap, with wages higher than ever.  
As for ' Adam Smith ' he never meant what he publish'd.  
Corn is falsely thought to be the standard of wages ;  
Antiquated stuff that savours strong of the ninny.  
After grave research, and many an anxious instant,  
I conclude forthwith to fully abolish Protection !  
Thus will good-man ' Styles ' receive the kick that he wanted.  
Like an uphill game, there's nothing makes a man prosper.  
See the rustic clod ! true son of a long line of farmers,  
Born upon the farm for centuries till'd without system,  
With the farm descends to him the back of a dray-horse,  
Very brown top-boots, and ancient habit o' grumbling ;  
But a mind obtuse as worn-out tooth of a ploughshare.  
All in vain for him does ' Buckland ' proffer his ' mexons,'—  
All in vain for him does ' Lord Brougham ' patter his Georgics,—  
All in vain for him the light of his century blazes.  
Chemistry's receipts, compress'd deodoriz'd sewage,  
Guano, (Liverpool made,) sulphuric acid in bottles,—

These he treats with scorn, and hates both them and their authors.  
 Head-strong clown as he is, our Free-trade measures shall mend him ;  
 We'll submit him straight to test of competition.  
 Then perforce he'll turn to seek industrial helps, and  
 Spend loose cash in bones and deep agricultural draining,  
 Grub up hedge and tree, and lay the face of the Country  
 Bare as village chin new shav'd on Saturday's evening.  
 Then his land will yield the double of what he pays rent for ;  
 Thanks to learned men, and Free-trade impetus also.  
 I'll advance the cash at five per cent to the Landlords.  
 Guano can be made for little or nothing by Penguins.  
 I'll deliver it here for little or nothing but asking.  
 Landlords shall not feel the slightest pinch at their rent days.  
 ' Cobden's ' told me so, and he's the man for the people.  
 Trade shall start anew, and England, glorious England,  
 Pleas'd, at last shall see her rivals tack'd to her apron.  
 This shall be the fruit of my Saturnian measure !'  
 Thus with unction spoke the great Dictator of Tamworth.  
 Primly bobb'd his coat, for under its tails was his left hand.  
 Soapy was his speech,—but all the soap couldn't help him,  
 Boil'd by little *Ben Hawes* before he lather'd the Nation.

At this hearty meal on previous pledges and speeches,  
 Loud applause was heard,—but deep suspirial anguish  
 Stirr'd, with mighty throes, the roomy breasts of the Farmers.

In spite of Sir Robert's flourishes about cheap Guano, that which is of any use,  
 viz. that which is not manufactur'd at Liverpool, is selling at 10*l.* 10*s.* per ton.

It is notorious that what is call'd high farming seldom pays ; yet it is to this,  
 that the Liverpool and Manchester Schools would send the whole Agricultural  
 Interest, by way of a set-off to wheat under forty shillings per quarter.

Benjamin Hawes was by trade a soap-boiler, and by accident a Minister.

' Cobden ' follow'd next,—inornate speaker of clap-trap !  
' Times are gone and pass'd for drones to plunder the bee-hive !  
Feudal days are o'er, monopoly, class-legislation,—  
Their death-knell is rung by potent spirit of progress !  
Working men demand the biggest loaf for their money.  
What has England gain'd by all this silly Protection ?  
Many years of blood, and debt in hundreds of millions.  
Open all your ports, and I'll go bail for the ' masses !'  
Me they know and love ! and not without reason I say it.  
Stifle their demands, and look to yourselves and your children !  
Grant their righteous prayer ! and gladden industrial England.  
Neither shall ye lose, oh ! brown-booted sons of the Farmers !  
For the Chemist's hand shall double every produce ;  
And a steady price remunerate every farmer.'

All the World admir'd, and ' Cardwell,' ' Graham,' and ' Gladstone'  
Turn'd in divers ways the Free-Trade pan o' the fire.  
' Hume ' and ' Villiers ' too, and Colonel ' Peyronnet Thompson,'  
' Bright,' belligerent Quaker, and moonshine morosoph ' Wilson,'  
Came with ' blue books ' down, and cogent letters of Consuls,  
Showing how, forsooth, at most three million of quarters  
Could be sent us from Atlantic, Baltic, and Black Seas.  
Every worthy man who found his interest in it,  
Shouted,—' hear !' ' bravo !' the case is plain as a pike-staff.  
Chorussing this song, the ' Times,' creation o' ' Walter,'  
Tuned its cuckoo notes, and back'd up every statement ;  
Flinging dirt the while on all that dar'd to oppose it.

Though he might not stop the reckless gallop of Free-Trade,  
' Disraeli ' rose and scornfully rated the coachman.

'This is then thy fate, supreme Dictator o' Tamworth !  
This, the pitiful end of all our faith that was in thee !  
Hast thou found the Whigs a-bathing, and stolen their small-clothes?  
Hast thou like the Turk, despatch'd to fight against Egypt,  
Moor'd the Sultan's fleet in port of 'Mahomet Ali?'  
No conditions made,—no change of easy gradation !  
England soon shall feel the wild results of thy folly !  
Call'st thou this, indeed, the finish'd craft of a Statesman ?'

But why preach to stones? or seek to stablish a blush on  
Brazen statue's cheek, or think to alter 'the Commons'  
When their mind's made up to stand or fall with a party?  
Nothing might avail the luckless 'Sons of the Farmers.'  
Numbers hemm'd them in, and ten times fiercer than any  
Each Deserter came against the camp of his 'old friends.'

Thus, in evil hour, has 'Peel' abolish'd Protection.

Soon the Country found the real value of Blue-Books,  
Estimates of corn, and cogent letters of consuls;  
On whose figures turn'd this reckless measure of Free-Trade.  
For 'three millions' came at once twelve millions o' quarters;  
Wages fell, and wheat became a drug i' the market;  
Consternation spread,—and each man said to his neighbour;  
'Why didst thou, oh friend, believe such trumpery stories?'

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#### THE REACTION.

SCARCE had Cobden's till enclos'd his 'seventy thousands,'  
Scarce had he return'd from holding his foreign ovation,  
When 'reaction' spread from 'John o' Groat' to the 'Lizzard.'



Wheat fell all at once, and pretty soon ruin'd importers ;  
Beef came toppling down a full third, follow'd by mutton ;  
And a glorious mange was brought for cattle to England.  
When 'twas naturalis'd, they put a strict Quarantine on't.

Then in wrath arose the brown-booted sons of the Farmers ;  
Every journal brought from all sides tidings o' meetings ;  
All the 'Cotton Lords' in Yorkshire lower'd their wages.  
Farmers ask'd 'Whig Lords' for large reduction in rents—and  
Got for answer—Work ! work more, ye brown-booted idlers !

'Cobden' smelt the storm, and straight put up his umbrella.  
Down he went forthwith, in terrible hurry, to Yorkshire,  
Full of rage well nursed, and there he roar'd like a bull-frog  
Answering his mate in fever-marshes of Arno.

'What is this I hear ? what mean these jolterhead Farmers ?  
'Tis a Landlord's cry, the silly clod-poles are raising !  
When I pass'd this bill I let down Landowners easy ;  
Then I spar'd their toes ; but now I'm determin'd to pinch 'em.'  
Thus in furious wise discours'd 'Trade's regenerator.'  
Still reaction spread from 'John o' Groat' to the 'Land's End.'  
Theories will fall, when contradicted in practice.

Parliament is met, and scarce a mention is made of  
'Ceres,' ill us'd dame, i' th' opening speech of the Session.  
Not one kindly word to soothe the general anguish ;  
Not one healing dash of 'gammon's' flattering ointment.  
Still the chorus swell'd—'Work more, ye brown-booted idlers !  
Backs as broad as yours, will take a power of breaking.'

Then stood up to speak the moonshine morosoph 'Wilson,'  
Prim'd with corn-returns got up i' the Baltic to order.

And he show'd, forsooth, that wheat, to sell at a profit,  
Must fetch sixty-six immaculate shillings a quarter.  
But in spite of him, 'tis passing heavy at forty ;  
Markets looking down, and 'floating cargoes' increasing.

'Cobden's' lower'd tone i' the House was rather amusing.  
In it he's a mouse, but in the West Riding a bull-frog.  
'Janus' scarce had two more different heads on his shoulders.  
Then in scorn arose an honest teller of plain truths.  
Saying—'Worthy friends, attend while I paint you a picture.

'Many years of toil have chill'd the blood of the farmer,  
Thinn'd his clust'ring locks, and tam'd his resolute bearing.  
By the fire he sits in very comfortless arm-chair.  
Rheumatism racks his aching bones, and a scanty  
Purse supports his age, laid up in his summer for winter.  
Though 'twas shrewdly got, and cannily turn'd to advantage,  
Fifty years have sav'd for him a 'couple of thousands.'  
Him you tax and load, and deal with his bus'ness as if 'twere  
California's gold, or Railway venture of Hudson's.  
But the 'Cotton Lord,' insatiate turner of half-pence,  
Him you pet and serve, as never did 'flunkey' his master.  
What that master is, in honest anger I'll tell ye.

'At his heartless nod of grinding cool calculation,  
Wages fall, and gangs in hundreds cumber the parish.  
Rotting winter-long in hungry sight of the palace  
Over-daub'd with gold their summer labour has earn'd him.  
Thus, in prime of years, he leaves off work with a 'million.'  
Then he turns M.P., becomes a Liverpool Leaguer,  
Screams for fresh Reforms, and woos a coronet also ;  
Grinds his parish poor, and sends off money to poachers ;  
Talks as if his life had been one desperate effort

To protect the weak, and lift poor men from the gutter.  
 Thus he cheaply gains a Patriot's reputation,  
 And as cheaply gains the gaping crowd's adulation.  
 Those who know him best know far too much to believe it.  
 Yet 'tis men like these whose principles govern the country.

'In their hands Free-Trade is squeez'd out just as they want it.  
 Free-Trade must prevail without distinction in all things !  
 To this end revise one-sided national burdens,  
 Readjusting first the 'Debt's' unjust operation.  
 Tax the power of steam from spinning Jenny to coalpit !  
 Tax the stock in trade that now, by grace of a quibble,  
 Never pays its share of fifty millions of taxes.  
 Thus you'll raise a purse sufficiently large to enable  
 Whigs to drop 'th' Excise and Customs' out of the Budget.  
 Then Free-Trade will soar like falcon free'd of her jesses,  
 Far beyond the ken of mortal,—straight i' the Sun's eye.  
 'Cobden's' idle dreams will come more true than he thought for ;  
 And no 'farmer clod' will raise the cry of 'Protection.'

Hear ! Hear ! Hear ! exclaim'd the brown-booted sons o the  
 Farmers,  
 As the speaker ceas'd ;—but at this view of the question  
 All the monied men of course look'd daggers and poison.  
 Let them wince, and kick, and plunge,—but sure as he said it,  
 There will come a time when what he said shall become law !

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*'Debt's unjust operation.'* Formerly, the quarter of wheat pretty nearly represented the interest of one hundred pounds of the National Debt. When the interest stood at the rate of five in the hundred, corn was up at eighty, maybe a hundred shillings per quarter, and occasionally far beyond that. Later on, the price of wheat had fallen to sixty shillings, and the interest of a hundred pounds 'consols' to sixty shillings also ; but Sir Robert Peel's measure has forced down the corn-averages to forty shillings, and less ; we are then, at this time, endeavouring to pay one quarter and a half or nearly two quarters for the use of the same hundred pounds, that once cost us but one.

END OF VOL. II.

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